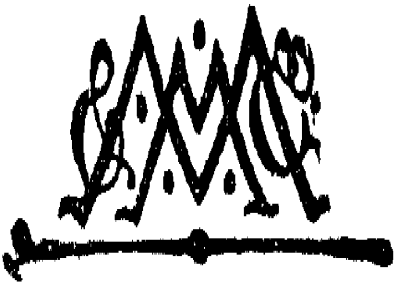
EVANGELINE



Evangeline

A Tale of Acadie

By

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

H. B. Cotterill

Editor of 'Hiawatha,' Goethe's 'Iphigenie,' Virgil's 'Aeneid,' I. and VI. Milton's 'Lycidas,' etc.

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LONGFELLOW'S LIFE.

ABOUT 1676—some fifty-five years after the *Mayflower* crossed the Atlantic—William Longfellow, one of the Longfellows or Langfellays of Yorkshire, left his native town, Horsforth, and settled in Newbury, Massachusetts. The fifth in direct descent from him, Stephen Longfellow, a lawyer and member of Congress, married (in 1804) Zilpah, daughter of General Peleg Wadsworth, of Portland, Maine. Of these parents was born on the 27th February, 1807—the second of eight children—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the poet. As a child he went to various preparatory schools, and at the age of fourteen passed the entrance examination of the 'little rural' Bowdoin College, where he, together with his elder brother Stephen and the afterwards distinguished novelist Nathaniel Hawthorne, remained about three years and a half. During these years he made his first attempts at authorship, contributing both prose and verse to the *United States Literary Gazette*, in which appeared also poems of Bryant, the 'American Wordsworth.'

Before he graduated in June, 1825, being then only eighteen years of age, he had definitely made up his mind to devote his future to literature. 'I most eagerly

aspire,' he wrote to his father, 'after future eminence in literature; my whole soul burns most ardently for it, and every earthly thought centres in it.' His father, allowing that 'a literary life, to one who has the means of support, must be very pleasant,' insists upon a profession; but it is arranged that Henry shall 'study belles-lettres' for a year at Cambridge—the American 'Cambridge,' which emulates its prototype by the possession of Harvard University.

This plan was upset (such is the tradition) by a neat translation of an Ode of Horace, which so impressed the Bowdoin examining committee that Longfellow, scarcely nineteen years of age and already booked as law-apprentice in his father's office, was nominated to the newly-established Bowdoin chair of modern languages and sent to Europe for three years, with a fair stipend, to prepare himself for his professional duties. Many of the experiences and impressions of those three years, spent in France, Spain, and Italy, are recounted in his *Outre-Mer*, a prose work in the manner of Irving's *Sketch Book* and Goethe's *Italienische Reise*. The chief event of the years 1829-1834, during which he held the Bowdoin Professorship, was his marriage (1831) to Mary Storer Potter. (The way in which the young professor, returning to his old home after three Wanderjahre, saw with other eyes and loved the schoolmate of his childhood, will remind some readers of a beautiful passage in Schiller's *Glocke*.) Besides *Outre-Mer*, some publications on linguistic subjects, and his *Defence of Poetry*, no literary work of any importance was done.

In 1834 he was offered a Professorship of Modern Languages at Harvard University, and was once more

allowed to visit Europe before undertaking his duties, 'for the purpose of a more perfect attainment of the German.'

After a few weeks in England (where they met Carlyle), Longfellow and his wife visited Sweden. From Stockholm, they went by sea to Copenhagen, and from Hamburg to Amsterdam. The rough voyage proved unfavourable to Mrs. Longfellow's delicate health, and soon after arriving at Rotterdam she died (November, 1835). Longfellow spent another year in Germany and Switzerland, and began his professional duties at Harvard in December, 1836.

The eighteen years of his Professorship at Harvard, which were interrupted by a third visit to Europe, were (as will be seen from the list of his works) productive of many poems, among which *Evangeline* (1845-7) is the best known. Besides these he wrote two novels, the first of which, *Hyperion*, though written in a turgid sentimental style, is interesting from the fact that in it he gave a portrait of the lady, Frances Appleton, who in 1843 became his second wife.

In 1854 he resigned his official connexion with Harvard—indescribably delighted at the prospect of release from the long drudgery of teaching and examining. It was then that the idea occurred to him of attempting some subject 'purely in the realm of fancy.' The subject that he chose was that of *Hiawatha*.

In 1848 he had lost his infant-daughter Fanny (his love for whom inspired the beautiful poem *Resignation*), and in 1861 another grievous blow fell on him. His wife died from injuries received from fire. It had become, says his brother, Longfellow's habit more and more

to withhold his profoundest feelings from spoken or written utterance. Deeply as he was stricken, he gave no expression to his grief. It was only after his death that a sonnet on the subject of his great loss was found among his private papers.

The next ten years were taken up to a great extent by his translation of Dante's *Divina Commedia*, and by what he hoped would prove his masterwork, his trilogy *Christus*. This work consists of (1) *The Divine Tragedy*, in which our Saviour's Passion is related somewhat in the manner of a 'Mystery Play'; (2) *The Golden Legend* (written 20 years earlier), in which an aspect of mediaeval Christianity is depicted; (3) *New England Tragedies*, in which pictures are given of the religious persecutions at Salem and other places in New England.

The idea was a great one—to give a representation of Christianity at three of its principal stages—but that posterity will reverse the verdict of contemporary criticism is scarcely likely. The book was received with disfavour, faint praise, or silent indifference, and probably eight out of ten lovers of Longfellow's poems, in England at any rate, are entirely ignorant of the existence of that *Christus* (though they may know the *Golden Legend*) on which the poet hoped to found a fame not incomparable, perhaps, with that of Dante.

During the remaining ten years of his life he composed a good many poems, but nothing of first-rate importance. The very last that he wrote was a little song called *The Bells of St. Blas*, which concludes with the words:

> 'Out of the shadow of night,
> The world rolls into light;
> It is daybreak everywhere.'

On the 24th of March, 1882, Longfellow died, aged seventy-five.

Two years later his bust was placed in our Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey. On this occasion Mr. Lowell, as representative of the American Government and of American Literature, truly said that he expressed the 'feeling of the whole English-speaking race in confirming the choice'—*i.e.* for admission to the Valhalla of English poets—'of one whose name was dear to them all; who has inspired their lives and consoled their hearts, and who has been admitted to the fireside of all of them as a familiar friend.'

'Never,' he added, 'have I known a more beautiful character. His nature was consecrated ground, into which no unclean spirit could ever enter.'

LIST OF LONGFELLOW'S WORKS.

1830-35. Various publications on the French, Spanish, and Italian languages and literature: written partly in those languages. Also articles (till 1840) in the *North American Review*, including the 'Defence of Poetry.'

1835. Outre-Mer.

1839. Hyperion. Voices of the Night.

1841. Ballads and other Poems.

1842. Poems on Slavery.

1843. The Spanish Student.

1846. The Belfry of Bruges, and other Poems.

1847. Evangeline. (Oct. 30.)

1849. Kavanagh.

1850. The Seaside and the Fireside.

1851. The Golden Legend.

1855. The Song of Hiawatha. (Nov.)

1858. The Courtship of Miles Standish.

1863. Tales of a Wayside Inn.

1867. Flower-de-Luce.

1868. The New England Tragedies.

1867-70. Dante's Divine Comedy (Translation).

1871. The Divine Tragedy.

1872. Christus: a Mystery.
Three Books of Song.

1874. Aftermath. The Hanging of the Crane.

1875. The Masque of Pandora.

1878. Kéramos and other Poems.

1880. Ultima Thule.

1882. In the Harbor.

1883. Michael Angelo. A Tragedy. published after his death.

REMARKS ON EVANGELINE.

'THE event of 1847,' says Longfellow's brother,[1] 'was the completing and publishing of *Evangeline*. The familiar story of its inception must for completeness' sake be told again. Mr. Hawthorne[2] came one day to dine at Craigie House, bringing with him his friend Mr. H. L. Conolly, who had been rector of a church in South Boston. At dinner Conolly said he had been trying in vain to interest Hawthorne to write a story upon an incident which had been related to him by a parishioner of his, Mrs. Haliburton. It was the story of a young Acadian maiden, who at the dispersion of her people by the English troops had been separated from her betrothed lover; they sought each other for years in their exile; and at last they met in a hospital, where the lover lay dying. Mr. Longfellow was touched by the story, especially by the constancy of its heroine, and said to his friend, "If you really do not want this incident for a tale, let me have it for a poem"; and

[1] *Life of H. W. Longfellow* by Rev. Samuel Longfellow, vol. ii. ch. iii.

[2] Nathaniel Hawthorne, the novelist, who tells the same story in his *American Note-Book*.

Hawthorne consented.[1] Out of this grew *Evangeline*, whose heroine was at first called Gabrielle.'

The following extracts from the poet's *Journal* give an interesting picture of the elaboration of the poem, on which he expended much time and thought:

1845.

'*Nov. 28th.*—Set about *Gabrielle*, my idyll in hexameters, in earnest. I do not mean to let a day go by without adding something to it, if it be but a single line. F(elton) and Sumner are both doubtful of the measure. To me it seems the only one for such a poem.'

'*Dec. 7th.*—I know not what name to give to —— not my new baby, but my new poem. Shall it be *Gabrielle*, or *Celestine*, or *Evangeline*?'

1846.

'*Jan. 8th.*—Striving, but alas how vainly! to work upon *Evangeline*. One interruption after another, till I long to fly to the desert for a season.'

'*Jan. 12th.*—The vacation is at hand. I hope before its close to get far on in *Evangeline*. Two cantos are now done, which is a good beginning.'

'*April 5th.*—After a month's cessation resumed *Evangeline*—the sister of mercy.[2] I hope now to carry it on to its close without a break.'

'*May 20th.*—Tried to work at *Evangeline*. Unsuccessful.'

Here follows a long gap of nearly six months, during which there is no mention of the poem, while we meet

[1] In November, 1847, when *Evangeline* had proved a success, Longfellow wrote to Hawthorne: 'I hope Mr. Conolly does not think I spoilt the tale. . . . This success I owe entirely to you, for being willing to forego the pleasure of writing a prose tale which many people would have taken for poetry, that I might write a poem which many people take for prose.'

[2] Shows that he had already conceived this detail of the last canto, which was, however, not finished till 9 months later.

with such laments as this: 'I am in despair at the swift flight of time and the utter impossibility I feel to lay hold upon anything permanent. All my hours and days go to perishable things. College takes half the time, and other people, with their interminable letters and poems and things, take the rest. I have hardly a moment to think of my own writings, and am cheated of some of life's fairest hours. This is extreme folly . . .'

Then in November we find: 'I long to be fairly at work on *Evangeline*. But as surely as I hope for a free day something unexpected steps in and deprives me of it.' . . . 'I said as I dressed myself this morning, "To-day at least I will work on *Evangeline*." But no sooner had I breakfasted than there came a note from . . .'

At last, on Dec. 10th, he writes: 'Laid up with a cold. . . . Made an effort and commenced the second part of *Evangeline*. I felt all day wretched enough to give it the sombre tone of colouring that belongs to the theme.'

'*Dec.* 15*th.*—Stayed at home, working a little on *Evangeline*; planning out the second part, which fascinated me.'

'*Dec.* 17*th.*—Finished this morning, and copied, the first canto of the second part of *Evangeline*. The portions of the poem which I write in the morning I write chiefly standing at my desk by the window, so as to need no copying. What I write at other times is scrawled with a pencil on my knee in the dark and has to be written out afterward. This way of writing with a pencil and portfolio I enjoy very much, as I can sit by the fireside and do not use my eyes. I see a panorama of the Mississippi advertised. This comes very *à propos*. The river comes to me instead of my going to the river; and as it is to flow through the pages of the poem, I look upon this as a special benediction.'

'*Dec.* 19*th.*—Went to see Banvard's moving diorama of the

Mississippi. One seems to be sailing down the great stream, and sees the boats and the sand-banks crested with cottonwood, and the bayous by moonlight. Three miles of canvas and a great deal of merit.'

1847.

'*Jan. 7th.*—Went to the Library and got Watson's *Annals of Philadelphia* and *Historical Collections of Pennsylvania*; also Darby's *Geographical Description of Louisiana*. These books must help me through the last part of *Evangeline*, so far as facts and local colouring go. But for the poem and the poetry—they must come from my own brain.'

'*Jan. 14th.*—Finished the last canto of *Evangeline*. But the poem is not finished. There are three intermediate cantos to be written.'

'*Jan. 18th.*—Billings came to hear some passages in *Evangeline* previous to making designs. As I read, I grew discouraged. Alas, how difficult it is to produce anything really good! Now I see nothing but the defects of my work. I hope the critics will not find so many as I do. But onward! The poem, like love, must "advance or die."'

'*Jan. 26th.*—Finished the second canto of Part ii. of *Evangeline*. I then tried a passage of it in the common rhymed English pentameter. It is the song of the mocking-bird:[1]

> Upon a spray that overhung the stream
> The mocking-bird, awaking from his dream,
> Poured such delirious music from his throat
> That all the air seemed listening to his note.
> Plaintive at first the song began, and slow;
> It breathed of sadness, and of pain and woe;
> Then, gathering all his notes, abroad he flung
> The multitudinous music from his tongue—
> As after showers a sudden gust again
> Upon the leaves shakes down the rattling rain.'

[1] Cf. l. 873 *seq.* As is so often the case when a poet attempts to recast what has found its highest expression, all the music and delicate beauty of the original passage seem to have disappeared in this rimed pentameter version, which is almost commonplace.

'*Feb.* 1*st.*—Worked busily and pleasantly on *Evangeline*—canto third of Part ii. It is nearly finished.'

'*Feb.* 23*rd.*—*Evangeline* is nearly finished. I shall complete it this week, together with my fortieth year.'

'*Feb.* 27*th.*—*Evangeline* is ended. I wrote the last lines this morning. And now for a little prose; a romance which I have in my brain—Kavanagh by name.'

'*Feb.* 28*th.*—When evening came I really missed the poem and the pencil. Instead thereof I wrote a chapter of Kavanagh.'

'*March* 6*th.*—Began to revise and correct *Evangeline* for press.'

'*March* 31*st.*—Got from printer the first pages of *Evangeline*.'

'*April* 3*rd.*—The first canto of *Evangeline* in proofs. Some of the lines need pounding: nails are to be driven and clinched. On the whole I am pretty well satisfied.'

'*April* 4*th.*—Sumner and Felton came to tea, and we discussed *Evangeline*. I think S. is rather afraid of it still; and wants me to let it repose for a six-month.'

'*April* 9*th.*—Proof-sheets of *Evangeline* all *tattoed* with Folsom's marks.[1] How severe he is! But so much the better.'

Then followed the usual long and weary time of waiting until, on October 30th, he entered in his *Journal*: 'Little Fanny christened . . . *Evangeline* published.'

.

The success of *Evangeline* was immediate. It was hailed with enthusiasm by the chief literary men of the age and other competent judges, and even by most journalistic critics. Especially loud were the praises of those who had complained that his earlier poems were more like hot-house exotics than flowers native to American soil. In the first six months about six thousand copies were sold, and in the first ten years about 38,000—a very satisfactory financial success,

[1] Folsom was chief 'reader' at the Harvard University Press.

though of course not to be compared with that of such poets as Byron or Scott, and falling considerably behind the later success of *Hiawatha*.

Evangeline has been translated at least thirty times, and the editions of the original poem, published not only in America and England, but in other countries, are very numerous. Critical reviews of a poem such as *Evangeline* are for the most part worse than useless. A knowledge of the facts adopted or adapted by Longfellow enables one to better follow and appreciate the story, and a few explanatory notes are necessary (especially in the case of the English reader) for the full understanding of divers allusions and expressions; but even the youngest student may be safely left to discover for himself or herself the 'pathetic force,' the 'spiritual radiance,' and other such things to which the professional critic is so anxious to act as our guide. The following remarks of Oliver Wendell Holmes (the well-known 'Autocrat of the Breakfast-table') are, however, worth repetition: 'Of the longer poems of our chief singer I should not hesitate to select *Evangeline* as the masterpiece, and I think the general verdict of opinion would confirm my choice. . . . What a beautiful creation is the Acadian maiden! From the first line of the poem, we read as we would float down a broad and placid river murmuring softly against its banks, heaven over it and the glory of the unspoiled wilderness all around.'

.

The fact that in the general character of the poem and the treatment of the subject Longfellow accepted a model does not in the least detract from its value as a work of art. This model was Goethe's *Hermann und*

Dorothea, which in external form is itself a close imitation of an older German poem, the *Luise* of Joh. Herm. Voss.[1] In *Hermann und Dorothea* we have a story of exile[2] and of love told in hexameter verse, and the so-called 'idyllic epic' style of the poem is like that of Longfellow's 'Tale of Acadie'—but here the similarity ends. In Goethe's poem there is neither the deep shadow nor that intimation of infinity—of something beyond the lights and shades of earthly existence—which we find in *Evangeline*, as in many great works of art.

.

The measure in which *Evangeline* is written is the hexameter. The classical hexameter (in which Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* and Virgil's *Aeneid* are written) is a verse of six 'feet.' These 'feet' are either 'spondees,' consisting of two long syllables, or 'dactyls,' consisting of one long and two short syllables. The verse sometimes consists entirely of dactyls (except the last foot), or entirely of spondees (except the fifth), but the rhythm is much varied by diverse combinations of dactyls and spondees, and by the way in which the 'feet' are, as it were, fitted on to the words. The fifth foot is (except very rarely) a dactyl,[3] and the last foot is invariably a

[1] The *Luise* is written in hexameters, and its similarity in rhythm and language to Goethe's poem is very striking.

[2] The story is founded partly on the expulsion of Lutherans (1730) from the Bishopric of Salzburg, and partly on a later expulsion of French immigrants (1795) by the Bishop of Würzburg.

[3] Here and there Longfellow (like Virgil) gives us a verse with a spondee (or perhaps we should call it a trochee) in the fifth foot, *e.g.*:

'. . . at once from a hundred housetops' (l. 622) and . . . 'numberless sylvan islands' (l. 812).

spondee (– –) or a trochee (– ⏑), and there is in all normal verses a break or link (called *caesura* or 'cutting') in the middle of the line; *i.e.* the third, or anyhow the fourth, foot must consist of more than one word. We therefore 'scan' the opening lines of the *Aeneid* thus:

Ārmă vĭr|ūmquĕ căn|ō Trō|jǣ qūi | prīmŭs ăb | ōrīs
Ītălĭ|ām fā|tō prŏfŭ|gūs Lāv|īnăquĕ | vēnit
Lītŏră | . . .

and the first lines of *Evangeline* similarly:

Thīs ĭs thĕ | fŏrĕst prĭ|mēvăl. Thĕ | mūrmŭrĭng | pīnes ănd thĕ | hēmlocks,
Bēarděd wĭth | mŏss, ănd ĭn | gărmēnts | grēen ĭndĭs|tīnct ĭn thĕ | twīlight.

But notice that in the case of the Latin the verse is built up out of syllables which are long[1] or short according to certain rules, and that we have no such rules to fix the length of English syllables. The only true sense in which we can speak of a syllable being 'long' or 'short' in English is in reference to the *length of time* which we dwell on the syllable.[2] Take, for

[1] Accent, *i.e.* natural stress, doubtless produced a secondary rhythm in ancient verse, and added greatly to the music. But we have no means of recognizing it.

[2] Mr. Samuel Longfellow, in his remarks (*Life*, vol. ii. p. 72) on the metre of *Evangeline*, says of the critics: 'They did not perceive that accent *is* time—an accented syllable being necessarily long, that is, prolonged in utterance, while unaccented syllables are short in time, being hurried over in speaking.' I think that anyone who beats time, or uses a metronome, to a fairly distinct pronunciation will discover that accent and time-length are two very different things. I may perhaps refer to my essay on this subject in my edition of Milton's *Lycidas* (Blackie & Son).

instance, the word 'forest.' We usually dwell on the last syllable at least twice as long as on the first, so that, according to time-length, it should be an iambus (⏑ –), but it is used, as accented, for a trochee. The word 'murmuring,' again, if scanned according to time-length, would be an anapaest (⏑ ⏑ –) rather than a dactyl (– ⏑ ⏑). But if we were to build up our hexameters according to such time-length, they would be very queer things and quite unrecognisable as imitations of the ancient measure.

In English and German, more perhaps than in some other languages, it is not 'length' but 'accent' that determines rhythm.[1] If, therefore, we substitute accent for length, we can produce something that is externally a fair imitation of the ancient six-foot verse—although essentially very different.

The poet Southey, in his *Vision of Judgment* (rightly called by Longfellow a 'very disagreeable poem . . . enough to damn the author and his hexameters for ever') attempted to popularize the hexameter in England, as was done by Voss and Goethe in Germany. But while advocating strongly the use of the metre, he admits that it is (as I have stated) practically impossible to build up an English hexameter exactly on the model of the Greek and Latin measure. Thus, as he rightly says, 'the whole vocabulary of our language does not afford a single instance of a genuine native

[1] The verse of old English and German poetry (such as the *Nibelungenlied*) may be regarded as consisting of a certain number of bars, as in music, each of which usually contains a strongly accented syllable, followed by one or more unaccented syllables.

spondee.'[1] . . . 'Some,' he adds, 'may perhaps doubt this, and suppose that such words as *twilight* and *evening* are spondaic, but they only appear so when they are pronounced singly, the last syllable then hanging upon the tongue and dwelling on the ear like the stroke of a clock. Used in combination they become pure trochees.'

In spite of all arguments in its favour, and even in spite of the splendid success of *Evangeline*, the hexameter has never been naturalized amongst us. It has been tried, and has apparently been found wanting; and the final verdict seems to be what Tennyson expressed in his well-known lines on certain hexametric translations of Homer:

'These lame hexameters the strong-wing'd music of Homer!
No—but a most burlesque barbarous experiment . . .
Hexameters no worse than daring Germany gave us;
Barbarous experiment, barbarous hexameters!'

But, on the other hand, in spite of all such verdicts, the fact remains that *Evangeline* (and perhaps we may add *Hermann and Dorothea*) is a true work of art, and that the measure in which it is written, being an integral part of a living whole, is not merely an 'experiment.' On this point I think the following remarks of Oliver Wendell Holmes very well worth quotation. They are from a letter which he wrote to Longfellow shortly after the publication of *Evangeline*:

'As I have some acquaintance with the art of versifying, and a natural ear for the melody of language, I will only say that in this respect I see no place for criticism,

[1] Words containing two consecutive 'long' syllables may occur, but Southey means two consecutive strongly-accented syllables.

but only for admiration. This particular measure has less poetical effect, as I think, than most others. In fact it marks the transition of prose into verse, and requires some art in reading to mark the cadences which belong to the more musical of the two.[1] But all that can be done for it you have done; and the continuousness of a narration is perhaps more perfectly felt in these long reaches of slowly undulating verse than in the shorter measures, such as the octosyllabic, with its *va et vient* movement and the clattering castanets of its frequent rhyme. . . . The story is beautiful in conception, as in execution. I read it as I would have listened to some exquisite symphony.'

I add the following extract from Longfellow's preface to his *Children of the Lord's Supper*—a translation (made in 1843) of a Swedish poem by Bishop Tegnér:

'I have preserved even the measure—that inexorable hexameter, in which, it must be confessed, the motions of the English Muse are not unlike those of a prisoner dancing to the music of his chains; and perhaps, as Dr. Johnson said of the dancing dog, "the wonder is, not that she should do it so well, but that she should do it at all."'

This extract does not show any great enthusiasm for the hexameter; and it must have been instinct rather than theory which made him at once (Nov. 1845) choose the measure as 'the only one' for *Evangeline*, although his literary advisers, Felton, the Greek professor, and Sumner, were 'doubtful.' After having thus instinc-

[1] This is of course very far from the truth in regard to the real ancient hexameters, but it seems to me to express very well the characteristic of the accent-footed substitute.

tively decided on the right form for his poetic conception, he evidently studied attentively the nature and possibilities of the metre. Many touches in the poem reveal intimacy with Goethe's *Hermann and Dorothea*, and his admiration seems to have been also greatly aroused by some hexameter translations of Homer (Books 1 and 24) by an anonymous writer, which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* during 1846. 'I took down Chapman's Homer,' he says in his *Journal*, 'and read the second book. Rough enough; and though better than Pope, how inferior to the books in hexameter in Blackwood! The English world is not yet awake to the beauty of that metre.'

Longfellow's success with the hexameter was due to the delicacy and infallibility of his sense for the music of words, and to the immense care which he expended on his verse. As we have already seen, he spent much time and thought on the elaboration of the poem, and what he said to an admirer of *Evangeline* is doubtless the truth: 'It is,' he said, 'so easy for you to read because it was so hard for me to write.'

HISTORICAL NOTE.

THE conflict between France and England for supremacy in North America is a subject of the greatest interest, seeing that by its result the well-being of the human race has been perhaps no less affected than by the victory of Salamis, or the triumph of Rome over Carthage, or of Christian Europe over the Turks and the Saracens.

It will be impossible here to give anything but the barest general outline of this conflict; but even this will be helpful towards a right understanding of the treatment of the Acadians by the English.

France did not take any leading part in the first discovery of the New World, but in the 16th century (1524-34) Verrazzani, an Italian in the service of Francis I., and Jacques Cartier of St. Malo, explored parts of the east coast and planted the French flag in Isle Royale (C. Breton) and Acadia (Nova Scotia), and at the Indian village of Montreal on an island in the great St. Lawrence River. In 1608 Champlain, first governor of Canada, founded Quebec, and soon afterwards French Jesuits and adventurers found their way down the Ohio and through what is now Michigan and Illinois, and reached the Mississippi in 1673. A few

years later (1682) the Cavalier de la Salle, following on their steps, descended the Mississippi to the sea, and planted the flag of France in the territory known since that day as Louisiana. Now, although at the Peace of Utrecht in 1713 (in the last year of Queen Anne's reign) France was compelled to cede to England various territories, amongst which were Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, the French still claimed, in the 18th century, says Dr. Parkman, 'all of N. America, from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, and from Mexico and Florida to the North Pole, except only the ill-defined possessions of the English on the borders of Hudson Bay. To this vast region they gave the general name of New France. They controlled the highways of the continent, for they held its two great rivers. Canada in the north, and Louisiana in the south, were the keys of a boundless interior, rich with incalculable possibilities.'

By the middle of the 18th century the thirteen English colonies possessed a white population more than twelve times as great as that of 'New France'; but they were ranged along the Atlantic coast, and shut in between the mountains and the sea, with no great waterway to the huge 'Hinterland' of the interior.

During the so-called War of the Austrian Succession (1740-8) France and England were pitted against each other both in the Old and in the New World, and the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, by which both sides were obliged to restore conquests,[1] was a mere truce forced on the contending parties by sheer exhaustion—a truce during which France was planning schemes for the further

[1] Louisbourg had been captured by the English during this war, and was now restored. See p. xxxii.

humiliation of England. 'She appeared again,' says Green, 'on the stage with a vigour and audacity which recalled the days of Louis XIV. . . . Her aims spread far beyond Europe. In India a French adventurer was founding a French Empire, and planning the expulsion of the English merchants. . . . In America France not only claimed the valleys of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, but forbade the English colonists to cross the Alleghanies.'

When the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was signed (1748), the French Governor of Canada was the Marquis de la Galissonière, a naval officer of great energy.[1] He felt that, cost what it might, France must hold fast to Canada and link her to Louisiana by chains of forts. English traders had been crossing the mountains from Pennsylvania and Virginia, ruining the French fur trade, seducing and stirring up the Indians. Something must be done, and to this end he sent (in 1749) the Chevalier Céloron de Bienville with a body of about 200 men to strengthen old and found new forts, to vindicate the rights of France, to eject English settlers, and to take possession of the whole of the West of North America in the name of King Louis XV. Céloron and his companions descended the Ohio ('La belle Rivière') and nailed up on trees tin plates, and buried leaden tablets,[2] on which were inscriptions proclaiming the French king as the lord of all these western lands; but the main result of the expedition was to reveal the

[1] He was the French admiral who, eight years later, conquered Admiral Byng at Minorca. He was a humpback.

[2] Some of these have been discovered and are to be seen in museums.

great difficulty of defending the immense line of disputed frontier against the incursions of English traders and adventurers,[1] who, supported by exploiting companies, were rapidly encroaching on the Ohio valley.

In 1753 the Governor of Canada, Duquesne, sent an expedition to occupy the upper valley of the Ohio, and to secure the passes with forts. The most important of these, Fort Duquesne (on the site of the present city of Pittsburg) was attacked by the English under the leadership of George Washington; but they suffered a disastrous defeat, and for some time 'not an English flag waved beyond the Alleghanies.'

In 1754 both France and England sent troops to America, and open hostilities began in the next year by the capture off Cape Race of two French ships-of-war. General Braddock was sent out to America by the Duke of Cumberland with instructions to plan a fourfold campaign against the principal French positions—viz. the forts of Duquesne, Niagara, and Crown Point, and the fort of Beauséjour (afterwards called Fort Cumberland), which commanded the land approach to Acadia (Nova Scotia).

The expedition against Fort Duquesne was undertaken by Braddock himself, and proved still more disastrous than the attempt made by Washington. The French and their Indian allies, taking advantage of cover, shot down the English soldiers herded together in the open,

[1] The English outnumbered the French as 12 to 1. The Indians, especially the so-called "Five Nations" (Iroquois Confederacy), exercised a very considerable influence in the conflict, and for some time 'held the balance between their French and English neighbours' (Parkman).

much as happened in the early days of the late Boer war. 'The conduct of the British officers,' says the American historian, Dr. Parkman, 'was above praise. Nothing could surpass their undaunted devotion . . . but both men and officers were new to this blind and frightful warfare. . . . A few of the regulars tried in a clumsy way to fight from behind trees, but Braddock beat them with his sword and compelled them to stand with the rest, an open mark for the Indians.'[1] Of 86 officers 63 were killed or wounded, and about two-thirds of the troops were lost. Braddock was shot, and died during the flight Many of our soldiers were scalped or burnt alive by the Indians.

Of the four blows which were to be struck at the French in North America the first had failed disastrously, and the expeditions against Forts Niagara and Crown Point were only partially successful. The fourth, the reduction of Fort Beauséjour, will be related in the next section. Notice however, in passing, that the English were now beginning fully to realise the dangers and difficulties of their position, and were beginning to see clearly that the further development of their colonies, if not the very existence of these colonies, necessitated the crushing of the French power in North America. It was at this critical juncture that the capture of Fort Beauséjour and the complete purging of Acadia from French influence was determined, and carried out.

In 1755, the year of the deportation of the Acadians,

[1] 'Officers and men who had stood all the afternoon under fire afterwards declared that they could not be sure they had seen a single Indian. Nothing was visible but puffs of smoke.' It was a lesson that seems to have been too soon forgotten.

the Seven Years' War began. 'The Seven Years' War,' says Dr. Parkman, 'made England what she is. It crippled the commerce of her rival, ruined France in two continents, and blighted her as a colonial power. It gave England the control of the seas and the mastery of North America and India, made her the first of commercial nations, and prepared that vast colonial system that has planted new Englands in every quarter of the globe.'

In 1758 Louisbourg and Cape Breton were once more captured by the English, and Fort Duquesne was finally taken. In the next year, after the reduction of Forts Niagara and Ticonderoga, Quebec was taken by Wolfe. By the capture of Quebec (when both Wolfe and his great antagonist, Montcalm, were killed) the French power in North America was completely broken.

THE ACADIANS.

ACADIA[1]—that is to say, the peninsula of Nova Scotia, together with (as the English claimed) New Brunswick and some adjacent country—was first colonized by the French about 1604, although it seems to have been discovered by John and Sebastian Cabot (1497), who took possession of it in the name of Henry VII. of England.

In 1614 the English colonists of Virginia claimed the province and expelled the French, and some six years later Sir W. Alexander took possession of it under a patent[2] from the English crown. Once more the French returned, but were again driven out by Cromwell's troops. In 1667 Acadia was ceded to France by the treaty of Breda, but in the age of Queen Anne and Marlborough a General Nicholson was sent out to reconquer the country, a feat which he accomplished in 1710.

At the Peace of Utrecht in 1713 Acadia was formally transferred to the British crown, and all the French Acadians who were unwilling to remain as British

[1] For the meaning of the word see on l. 19.

[2] It was first named *Nova Scotia* in this patent.

subjects on the condition of the 'free exercise of their religion according to the usage of the Church of Rome,' were allowed to emigrate within a year with all their chattels and money.

Very few[1] availed themselves of this right, and after the end of the year those who remained were required to take an oath of allegiance to King George. There is no doubt that in the course of time they would have complied, had they been let alone; but the French authorities of Canada and Cape Breton did their utmost to prevent them, and employed agents to keep them hostile to England. Of these the most efficient were the French priests, who, in spite of the treaty, persuaded their flocks that they were still subjects of King Louis. The English authorities seem to have shown unusual patience and forbearance. At length, about 1730, nearly all the inhabitants signed by crosses (since few could write) an oath recognizing George II. as Sovereign of Acadia, and promising fidelity and obedience. This restored comparative quiet until the war of 1740-8, when some of the Acadians remained neutral, while some took arms against the English, and many others aided the enemy with information and supplies.

At the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle (1748) Louisbourg, the stronghold of the French in Isle Royale (Cape Breton Isle), which had been captured, was restored to France, and as the English power in Acadia was thus limited to a small garrison at Annapolis (formerly Port Royal), and a still feebler one at Canseau (soon after destroyed by the French), it was determined to found

[1] The following account is taken, to some extent literally, from Dr. Parkman's *Montcalm and Wolfe*.

another station on the peninsula. The harbour of Chebucto on the south coast was chosen for the site of the new town, which received the name of Halifax.

The French had never reconciled themselves to the loss of Acadia, and were resolved, by diplomacy or force, to win it again. The building of Halifax showed them that this would be no easy task, and filled them at the same time with alarm for the safety of Louisbourg. On one point at least they saw their policy clear; the Acadians must be kept French at heart, and taught that they were still French subjects. The French Acadians at this time numbered about nine thousand. They were divided into six parishes, the chief being that of Port Royal (Annapolis). The priests, who were missionaries controlled by the diocese of Quebec, acted also as their magistrates, ruling them both for this world and the next.

'Before me,' says Dr. Parkman, 'is a mass of English documents on Acadian affairs and above a thousand pages of French official papers from the archives of Paris, memorials, reports, and secret correspondence. With the help of these and some collateral lights it is not difficult to make a correct diagnosis of the political disease that ravaged this miserable country.' The American historian then proceeds to quote largely from these documents, to prove the patience and toleration with which the Acadians were treated until things became intolerable and the English were forced to adopt what to a superficial observer may appear a cruel and unnecessary course of action.

The trouble was occasioned mainly by the priests. The most notorious of these was the Abbé Le Loutre,

'missionary to the Micmac Indians,' and afterwards Vicar-General of Acadia. He was one of the secret agents of the Canadian Governor, La Jonquière, and of the French minister at Versailles. By the instigation of such men the Acadians were induced not only to offer an obstinate passive resistance to English rule, but to keep up a treasonable intercourse with the enemy, and even to join in raids made by Le Loutre's Micmacs and other Indians on the English settlements. 'The Indians,' says Dr. Parkman, 'gave great trouble on the outskirts of Halifax, and murdered many harmless settlers, and the English authorities did not at first suspect that they were hounded on by the priests under the direction of the governor of Canada, and with the privity of the minister at Versailles. . . . Many disguised Acadians joined the Indian war-parties.' From an official report by Prévost, French Intendant at Louisbourg, Dr. Parkman quotes as one of many proofs of his assertions these words: 'Last month the savages took eighteen English scalps and Monsieur Le Loutre was obliged to pay them eighteen hundred livres Acadian money, which I have reimbursed him.' Besides inciting treason and resistance in Acadia, the priests, under the direction of Le Loutre, did all they could to induce the Acadians to remove to French territory. Several thousands did so, and many of them were reduced to the greatest straits and perished miserably.

Such was the state of things when, as has been stated in the preceding section, the reduction of the French fort Beauséjour was determined (1755). This fort had been erected on the isthmus of Chignecto, about

two miles beyond the river Missuaguash, facing the English fort Lawrence, in order to harass the English and to foment disaffection among the French Acadians.

In June 1755 a force of about 2000 New England volunteers, under the command of Monckton and Winslow, sailed up the Bay of Fundy and captured the forts Beauséjour[1] and Gaspereau. The whole of Acadia was by this successful move placed for the time completely in the power of the English.

On the capture of Beauséjour the English found themselves in a very difficult position. The New England volunteers had been enlisted only for the year. The French would certainly make a strong effort to recover the province, and the gravity of the disaffection among the Acadians was proved by the fact that a very considerable number of them had actually fought on the French side at the assault on the fort.

Even before this (1749), when Governor Cornwallis had demanded it, the Acadians had refused to take an unqualified oath of allegiance as British subjects, asserting that they had always held the position of 'Neutrals,' and that, though recognising the English king as sovran, they could not be called upon to bear arms against their kinsmen the French, or the Indians;[2] and now, when summoned by Governor Lawrence to

[1] Le Loutre, who was in the fort, escaped; but he was soon after captured and was kept prisoner for eight years in the Island of Jersey.

[2] Possibly their fear of the Indians may have been the motive of this. As Dr. Parkman says, they could have lived in virtual neutrality if they had not broken their oaths and joined French and Indian war-parties.

take the oath of allegiance without reservation, the deputies from Grand-Pré, Annapolis and other districts, after many excuses and equivocations, flatly refused to do so, and had even the impertinence to demand the restoration of the firearms which had been taken from them.

'I am determined,' wrote Lawrence to the English Ministry, 'to bring the inhabitants to a compliance, or to rid the province of such perfidious subjects.' As the deputies (representing, says Dr. Parkman, nine-tenths of the Acadian population) persisted in their refusal, the governor and his council passed a resolution that 'nothing now remained to be considered but what measures should be taken to send the inhabitants away, and where they should be sent to.' It was decided to distribute them among the various English colonies. The council having thus come to a decision, Lawrence acquainted Monckton with the result, and ordered him to seize all the adult male Acadians in the neighbourhood of Beauséjour. Instructions were also sent to Winslow to secure the inhabitants on or near the Basin of Mines, and to place them on transports, which would soon arrive from Boston. The orders were stringent: 'If you find that fair means will not do, you must proceed to the most vigorous measures possible, not only compelling them to embark, but in depriving those who shall escape of all means of shelter or support, by burning their houses and by destroying everything that may afford them means of subsistence.' Similar orders were given to Major Handfield, the officer in command at Annapolis.

On the fourteenth of August Winslow set out from

his camp at Fort Beauséjour (now named Fort Cumberland) on his unenviable errand. He embarked with 297 men, and sailed down Chignecto Channel to the Bay of Fundy. 'Here they waited the turn of the tide to enter the Basin of Mines [Minas], and with the incoming flood they drifted,' says Dr. Parkman, 'through the inlet, glided past Cape Split, and under the promontory of Cape Blomedon, past the red sandstone cliffs of Lyons' Cove and the mouths of the rivers Canard and Des Habitants, where fertile marshes, diked against the tide, sustained a numerous and thriving population, until before them spread the rich meadows and fields of Grand-Pré, waving with harvests or alive with grazing cattle. The green slopes behind were dotted with the simple dwellings of the Acadian farmers, and the spire of the village church rose against a background of woody hills. It was a peaceful rural scene, soon to become one of the most wretched spots on earth.'

Winslow did not land here at once, but held his course to the estuary of the river Pisiquid, since called the Avon. Here, where the town of Windsor now stands, there was a stockade called Fort Edward, where a garrison of regulars under Captain Alexander Murray kept watch over the surrounding settlements. After coming to an understanding with Murray, Winslow returned to Grand-Pré. The church of the village was used as a storehouse and place of arms; the men pitched their tents between it and the graveyard, while their commander took up his quarters in the house of the priest.

As the men of Grand Pré greatly outnumbered his small troop, Winslow surrounded his camp with a

stockade, assuring Governor Lawrence, who had feared that this might cause alarm, that the villagers seemed entirely without suspicion and believed that the soldiers intended to spend the winter in their new quarters. Finding that the Acadian farmers for the most part (like Evangeline's father) took a cheerful and unsuspicious view of the matter, Winslow and Murray deferred action for some days in order that the harvest should be brought in. The Acadians, like bees, worked that others might enjoy.

A summons was then drawn up, dated the 2nd of September 1755, ordering all the inhabitants, 'both old men and young men, as well as all the lads of ten years of age, to attend at the church in Grand-Pré on Friday, the 5th instant, at three of the clock in the afternoon.' This summons was published on the Thursday afternoon (see l. 240), and on the next day at the hour appointed four hundred and eighteen men and boys presented themselves. 'Winslow ordered a table to be set in the middle of the church, and placed on it his instructions and the address which he had prepared. Here he took his stand in his laced uniform, with one or two subalterns from the regulars at Fort Edward, and such of the Massachusetts officers as were not on guard duty—strong, sinewy figures, bearing no doubt more or less distinctly the peculiar stamp with which toil, trade, and Puritanism had imprinted the features of New England. Their commander was not of the prevailing type. He was fifty-three years of age, with double chin, smooth forehead, arched eyebrows, close powdered wig, and round rubicund face, from which the right of an odious duty had probably banished the smirk of self-satisfaction

that dwelt there at other times.[1] The congregation of peasants, clad in rough homespun, turned their sunburnt faces upon him, anxious and intent.'

The following is the original of Winslow's address, the main points of which Longfellow has given shortly in lines 432-441 :

'Gentlemen. I have received from his Excellency, Governor Lawrence, the King's instructions, which I have in my hand. By his orders you are called together to hear His Majesty's final resolution concerning the French inhabitants of this his province of Nova Scotia, who for almost half a century have had more indulgence granted them than any of his subjects in any part of his dominions. What use you have made of it you yourselves best know.

'The duty I am now upon, though necessary, is very disagreeable to my natural make and temper, as I know it must be grievous to you, who are of the same species. But it is not my business to animadvert on the orders I have received, but to obey them ; and therefore without hesitation I shall deliver to you His Majesty's instructions and commands, which are that your lands and tenements and cattle and livestock of all kinds are forfeited to the Crown, with all your other effects, except money and household goods, and that you yourselves are to be removed from this his province.

'The peremptory orders of His Majesty are that all the French inhabitants of these districts be removed; and through His Majesty's goodness I am directed to allow you the liberty of carrying with you your money and as many of your household goods as you can take without overloading the vessels you go in. I shall do everything in my power that these goods be secured to you, and that you be not molested in carrying them away, and

[1] This description is founded on the portrait of Winslow in the rooms of the Massachusetts Historical Society. He seems to have felt keenly the odiousness of the task. 'This affair,' he wrote, 'is more grievous to me than any service I was ever employed in.'

also that whole families shall go in the same vessel; so that this removal, which I am sensible must give you great trouble, may be made as easy as His Majesty's service will admit; and I hope that in whatever part of the world your lot may fall, you may be faithful subjects and a peaceable and happy people.

'I must also inform you that it is His Majesty's pleasure that you remain in security under the inspection and direction of the troops that I have the honour to command.'

The prisoners were then lodged in the church, and notice was sent to their families to bring them food.

At Annapolis the attempt to capture the Acadians was less successful, many escaping to the woods. At Fort Edward about 180 were made prisoners. At Chipody the English troops, after burning over 250 buildings, were attacked by the inhabitants and Indians, and above half their number was killed or taken prisoner.

Winslow himself had some cause for anxiety. He had captured more Acadians since the 5th Sept., and had now nearly 500 able-bodied Acadians with scarcely 300 soldiers to guard them. On the Wednesday (10th) unusual movements were observed among the prisoners, and Winslow and his officers became convinced that it was necessary to separate them. Five vessels, lately arrived from Boston, were lying within the mouth of the neighbouring river. It was resolved to place 50 prisoners on board each of these and to keep them anchored in the Basin.[1] The soldiers were all ordered under arms and posted on an open space beside the church. The

[1] Dr. Parkman, whose account I here give, draws his facts from Col. Winslow's diary, which was only known to Haliburton, Longfellow's authority, by imperfect extracts. Longfellow is wrong in stating that men first put on board were sent away immediately. They remained several weeks, and were then sent off at intervals *with their families*.

prisoners were then drawn up before them, ranked six deep—the young unmarried men, as the most dangerous, being told off and placed on the left, to the number of 141. Captain Adams, with eighty men, was then ordered to guard them to the vessels. Though the object of the movement had been explained to them, they were possessed with the idea that they were to be torn from their families and sent away at once; and they all in great excitement refused to go. Winslow told them that there must be no parley or delay, and as they still refused a squad of soldiers advanced towards them with fixed bayonets, while he himself, laying hold of the foremost young man, commanded him to move forward. 'He obeyed,' reported Winslow, 'and the rest followed, though slowly, and went off praying, singing and crying, being met by the women and children all the way (which is a mile and a half) with great lamentation, upon their knees, praying.' When the escort returned, about 100 of the married men were ordered to follow, and readily complied. The vessels were anchored at a little distance from shore, and six soldiers were placed on each of them as guard. The prisoners were offered the King's rations, but preferred to be supplied by their families, who, as it was arranged, went in boats to visit them every day.

Then occurred a long and painful delay. The other expected transports did not arrive, nor did provisions. Nearly a month passed. At last ships came from Annapolis, and Winslow prepared for the embarkation. The prisoners and their families were divided into groups in order that not only members of the same family but friends and fellow-villagers should, as far as

possible, remain together.[1] On Oct. 8th Winslow entered in his diary: 'Began to embark the inhabitants, who went off very solentarily (?) and unwillingly, the women in great distress carrying off their children in their arms, others carrying their decrepit parents in their carts with all their goods, moving in great confusion; and (there) appeared a scene of woe and distress.'

Though many were embarked on this occasion, many still remained; and as the transports slowly arrived the dismal scene was repeated at intervals. So far as Winslow himself was concerned the treatment of the people seems to have been as humane as was possible, but his men must have given grounds for complaint, as he was obliged to issue a command forbidding both soldiers and sailors to leave quarters without special permission, 'that an end may be put to distressing this distressed people.' On the other hand the prisoners seem to have sometimes proved troublesome, for two of them were shot while trying to escape.

By the beginning of November Winslow had sent off from the district fifteen hundred and ten persons in nine vessels. The remaining six hundred were embarked in December.[2]

When all had been sent off, the houses and barns that still remained standing were burned, in accordance

[1] 'In spite,' says Parkman, 'of Winslow's care, some cases of separation of families occurred; but they were not numerous.' In their later petition to the king the Acadians complained of these cases having occurred.

[2] From Fort Edward 1100, and from Annapolis 1664 were deported; altogether rather more than 6000 from the whole province of Acadia. Many had escaped to the woods, and for several years kept up a sort of guerilla against the English.

with the orders of Lawrence, so that those who had escaped might be forced to surrender. One party of the exiles overpowered the crew of the vessel that carried them, ran her ashore at the mouth of the St. John, and escaped. The rest were distributed among the English colonies from Massachusetts to Georgia. The colonists were vexed at the burden thus imposed upon them, and though the Acadians were not in general ill-treated, their lot was a hard one. Still more so was the lot of those who escaped to Canada.

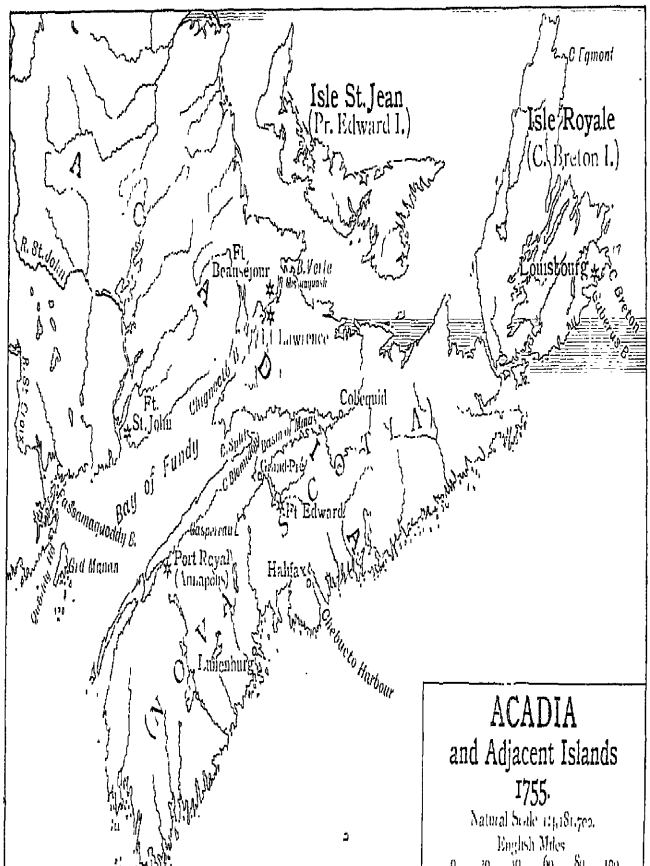
Many of them eventually made their way to Louisiana, where their descendants now form a numerous and distinct population. Some made their way back to Acadia, where, after the peace, they remained unmolested, and together with those who had escaped seizure became the progenitors of the present 'Acadians,' who are to be found in various parts of the British provinces, as for instance in Prince Edward Island, at Madawaska on the upper St. John River, and at Clare in Nova Scotia. Others were sent from Virginia to England, and others again found refuge in France.

'New England humanitarianism,' says Dr. Parkman, 'melting into sentimentality at a tale of woe, has been unjust to its own. Whatever judgment may be passed on the cruel measure of wholesale expatriation, it was not put into execution till every resource of patience and persuasion had been tried in vain. The agents of the French had made some act of force a necessity. We have seen by what vile practices they produced in Acadia a state of things intolerable and impossible of continuance. They conjured up the tempest, and when it burst on the heads of the unhappy people they gave no help.'

The pathos and poetic truth of *Evangeline* are of course not affected by the fact that Longfellow did not sufficiently realise that an 'intolerable and impossible' state of things compelled the English in the case of the Acadians (as perhaps it has in other cases) to adopt a course which may seem too cruel to be justified. The idyllic description, moreover, which he gives of the Acadian peasant loses none of its value as a work of art because it is to a considerable extent imaginative; nor would anyone but a sentimentalist fear that Longfellow's poem might in any way suffer from the following realistic portraits of the peasant and priest of Acadia: 'Abbé Raynal,' says Dr. Parkman, 'who never saw the Acadians,[1] made an ideal picture of them, since copied in prose and verse, till Acadia has become Arcadia. The plain realities of their condition and fate are touching enough to need no exaggeration. They were a simple and very ignorant peasantry, industrious and frugal till evil days came to discourage them; living aloof from the world, having a few wants, and those of the rudest; fishing a little and hunting in the winter, but chiefly employed in cultivating the meadows along the river Annapolis, or rich marshes reclaimed by dikes from the tides of the Bay of Fundy. The British Government left them entirely free of taxation. They made clothing of flax and wool of their own raising, hats of similar materials, and shoes or moccasins of moose and seal skin. They bred cattle, sheep,

[1] Longfellow's sole authority seems to have been *An Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia* by T. Chandler Haliburton (Halifax, 1829), which contains many quotations from Raynal's account of the Acadians given in his *Histoire politique*.

hogs, and horses in abundance; and the valley of Annapolis was known then, as it is now, for the profusion and excellence of its apples. For drink they made cider or brewed spruce-beer. French officials describe their dwellings as wretched wooden boxes, without ornaments or conveniences, and scarcely supplied with the most necessary furniture. Two or more families often occupied the same house, and the way of life, though simple and virtuous, was by no means remarkable for cleanliness. Such as it was, contentment reigned among them, undisturbed by what modern America calls progress. Marriages were early, and population grew apace. This humble society had its disturbing elements, for the Acadians, like the Canadians, were a litigious race, and neighbours often quarrelled about their boundaries. Nor were they without a bountiful share of jealousy, gossip, and backbiting, to relieve the monotony of their lives. . . . Enfeebled by hereditary mental subjection, and too long kept in leading-strings to walk alone, they needed the priest—not for the next world only, but for this; and their submission, compounded of love and fear, was commonly without bounds. He was their true government; to him they gave a frank and full allegiance, and dared not disobey him if they would. Of knowledge he gave them nothing; but he taught them to be true to their wives and constant at confession and mass—to stand fast for the Church and King Louis, and to resist heresy and King George.'


Isle St. Jean
(Pr. Edward I.)
Isle Royale
(C. Breton I.)
C. Egmont
Louisbourg
Ft. Beausejour
Fort Lawrence
Ft. St. John
Cobequid
Bay of Fundy
Minas Basin
Basin of Minas
Grand Pre
Fort Edward
Port Royal
(Annapolis)
Halifax
Chebucto Harbour
Lunenburg
C. Sable
ACADIA
and Adjacent Islands
1755.
Natural Scale 1:1,581,760.
English Miles
0 20 40 60 80 100

EVANGELINE.

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighbouring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers—
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers for ever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October

Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.
Nought but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient;
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

PART THE FIRST.

I.

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labour incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the floodgates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain, and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic

Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer windows; and gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.
There, in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
Then came the labourers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,

Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers—
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes:
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the way-side,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.
When in harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide

Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his
Sprinkles the congregation and scatters blessings upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heir-loom,
Handed down from mother to child through long generations.
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.
Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a pent-house,
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the road-side,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.

Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farmyard :
There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs and the harrows ;
There were the folds for the sheep ; and there, in his feathered seraglio,
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the selfsame
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch ; and a staircase,
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous cornloft.
There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates
Murmuring ever of love ; while above in the variant breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.
Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,
Fixed his eyes upon her, as the saint of his deepest devotion :
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment !
Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,
And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron ;

Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.
But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome,
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honoured of all men;
For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood
Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song.
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him
Take in his leather lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice,
Warm by the forge within they watched the labouring bellows,
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,

Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel.
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,
Down the hill-side bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow;
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters,
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone which the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings;
Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow!
Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children.
He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.
"Sunshine of St. Eulalie" was she called; for that was the sunshine
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples;
She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

II.

Now had the season returned when the nights grow colder and longer,
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.
Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the ice-bound
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.

Harvests were gathered in, and wild with the winds of September
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.
All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.
Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey
Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted
Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.
Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints.
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light, and the landscape
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farmyards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapours around him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.

Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead.
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening.
Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her collar,
Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.
Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the sea-side,
Where was their favourite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-dog,
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers;
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their protector
When from the forest at night, through the starry silence, the wolves howled.
Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odour.
Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks,
While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,
Painted with brilliant dyes and adorned with tassels of crimson,
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders

Unto the milkmaid's hands, whilst loud and in regular cadence
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.
Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farmyard,
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

In-doors, warmed by the wide-mouthed fire-place, idly the farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the smoke-wreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair
Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the dresser
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.
Fragments of song the old man sang and carols of Christmas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated
Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind her.
Silent a while were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bagpipe,
Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together.

As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,
So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.
Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith,
And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.
"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as the footsteps paused on the threshold,
"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the settle
Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee;
Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco;
Never so much thyself art thou as when through the curling
Smoke of the pipe or the forge thy friendly and jovial face gleams
Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the marshes."
Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the blacksmith,
Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside:—
"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad!
Ever in cheerfulest mood art thou, when others are filled with

Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.
Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe."
Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him,
And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued :—
"Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors
Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.
What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded
On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's mandate
Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the meantime
Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people."
Then made answer the farmer :—"Perhaps some friendlier purpose
Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England
By the untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,
And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children."
"Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said, warmly, the blacksmith,
Shaking his head, as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he continued :—
"Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal.
Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts,
Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.

Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds;
Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe of the mower."
Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer:—
"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our cornfields,
Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the ocean,
Than were our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon.
Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of sorrow
Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the contract.
Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the village
Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the glebe round about them,
Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelvemonth.
René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and inkhorn.
Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children?"
As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover's,
Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had spoken,
And as they died on his lips the worthy notary entered.

III.

Bent like a labouring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public;

Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with horn bows
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.
Four long years in the time of the war had he languished a captive,
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English.
Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike.
He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children;
For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest,
And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,
And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened
Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children;
And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nut-shell,
And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and horse-shoes,
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.
Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the black-smith,
Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand,
"Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard the talk in the village,

And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand."
Then with modest demeanour made answer the notary public :—
"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser ;
And what their errand may be I know not better than others.
Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention
Brings them here, for we are at peace ; and why then molest us ?"
"God's name !" shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible backsmith ;
"Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore ?
Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest !"
But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public :—
"Man is unjust, but God is just ; and finally justice
Triumphs ; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,
When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal."
This was the old man's favourite tale, and he loved to repeat it
When his neighbours complained that any injustice was done them.
"Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people.

Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.
But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted;
Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid to the household.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,
Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven."
Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language;
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapours
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of Grand Pré;

While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and inkhorn,
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table
Three times the old man's fees in solid pieces of silver;
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the bridegroom,
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.
Wiping the foam from his lips, he solemnly bowed and departed,
While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.
Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men
Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre,
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row.
Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,
Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding the moon rise
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.
Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus passed the evening away. Anon the bell from the belfry

Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway
Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household.
Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the doorstep
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.
Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearthstone,
And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.
Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-press
Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded
Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.
This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in marriage,
Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.
Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight
Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the heart of the maiden
Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean.
Ah! she was fair, exceedingly fair to behold, as she stood with
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber!
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,

Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her shadow.
Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of

Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.
And as she gazed from the window she saw serenely the moon pass
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star followed her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar.

IV.

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré.
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.
Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labour
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.
Now from the country around, from the farms and the neighbouring hamlets,
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the greensward,
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.

Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labour were silenced.
Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the house doors
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,
All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.
Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant;
For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father;
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Bending with golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and notary seated;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith,
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the beehives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.
Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white
Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.
Gaily the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque*,

And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter;
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith.

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the head-stones
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangour
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement—
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.
Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.
"You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness,
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper

Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch:
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds,
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!
Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his Majesty's pleasure."
As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs—
Bellowing fly the herds and seek to break their inclosures—
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway.
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.

Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted—
"Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance.
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!"
More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people.
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes.
"What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you?
Forty years of my life have I laboured among you, and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another.
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?

Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you!
See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!
Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father forgive them!'
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!'"
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded that passionate outbreak;
And they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar.
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion translated,
Rose on the ardour of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides
Wandered, wailing, from house to house, the women and children.
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,
Lighted the village street with mysterious splendour, and roofed each

Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table;
There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragant with wild-flowers;
There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from the dairy;
And at the head of the board the great arm-chair of the farmer.
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial meadows.
Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended—
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience.
Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,
Cheering with looks and words the disconsolate hearts of the women,
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,
Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children.
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapours
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.
All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the windows

Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome by emotion,
"Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no answer
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the living.
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father.
Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board stood the supper untasted,
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror.
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.
In the dead of the night she heard the whispering rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window.
Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing thunder
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world He created;
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of heaven;
Smoothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till morning.

V.

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farm-house.
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighbouring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea-shore,

Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there on the sea-beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply;
All day long the wains came labouring down from the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoing far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.
Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-doors
Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers,
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters.
Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their voices,
Sang they with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions:
"Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!"

Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the way-side,
Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction—
Calmly and sadly waited, until the procession approached her,
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered—
"Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another,
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!"
Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her father
Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect!
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and his footstep
Heavier seemed with the weight of the weary heart in his bosom.
But with a smile and a sigh she clasped his neck and embraced him,
Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion

Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.
Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight
Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluent ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery sea-weed.
Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the waggons,
Like to a gipsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.
Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures;
Sweet was the moist still air with the odour of milk from their udders;
Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farmyard,—
Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milkmaid.
Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus sounded,
Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled,
Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tempest.
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered,
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children.
Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish,
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate sea-shore.
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father,
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion,
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.
Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,
Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not,
But with a vacant stare ever gazed at the flickering fire-light.
"*Benedicite!*" murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.
More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents
Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a threshold,
Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.
Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden

Raising his eyes, full of tears, to the silent stars that above them
Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals.
Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon
Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.
Broader and broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead.
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a martyr.
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred housetops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on shipboard.
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,
"We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré!"
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farmyards,
Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle

Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.
Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments
Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirlwind,
Or the loud-bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.
Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the horses
Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er the meadows.

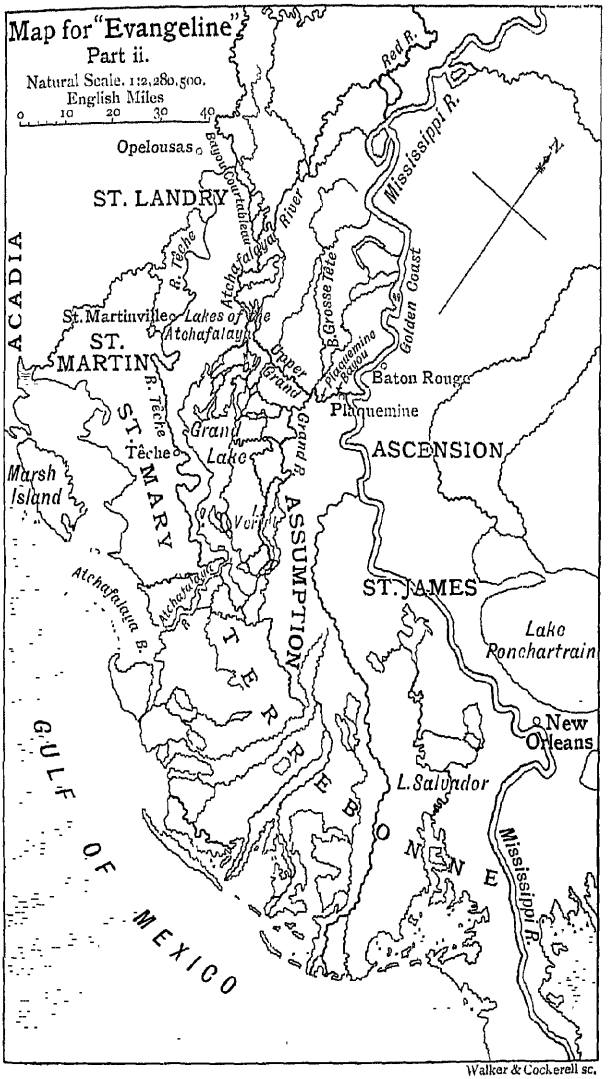
Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the maiden
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them;
And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,
Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the sea-shore
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber;
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her—
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her;
Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,
And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.

Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people—
"Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard."
Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the sea-side,
Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,
Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation,
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges.
'Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward.
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;
And with the ebb of that tide the ships sailed out of the harbour,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.

PART THE SECOND.

I.

Many a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example in story.
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;



Walker & Cockerell sc.

Scattered were they, like flakes of snow when the wind from the north-east
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the banks of Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas,
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.
Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing heart-broken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards.
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.
Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her extended,
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her,
Passions long extinguished and hopes long dead and abandoned,
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by
Camp-fires long consumed and bones that bleach in the sunshine.
Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished;
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,

Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended
Into the East again, from whence it late had arisen.
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,
She would commence again her endless search and endeavour;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed and gazed on the crosses and tombstones,
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.
Sometimes a rumour, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.
Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known him,
But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said they; "O, yes! we have seen him.
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;
Coureurs-des-Bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers."
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "O, yes! we have seen him.
He is a *Voyageur* in the lowlands of Louisiana."
Then would they say—"Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer?
Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others
Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?
Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee
Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy!

Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses."
Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly—"I cannot!
Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.
For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,
Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness."
And thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,
Said, with a smile—"O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee.
Talk not of wasted affection; affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.
Patience; accomplish thy labour; accomplish thy work of affection!
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike,
Therefore accomplish thy labour of love, till the heart is made godlike,
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!"
Cheered by the good man's word, Evangeline laboured and waited.
Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,
But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered, "Despair not!"
Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,
Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence.
Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's footsteps;

Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence;
But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through the valley:
Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water
Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only;
Then drawing near its banks, through sylvan glooms that conceal it,
Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur;
Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it reaches an outlet.

II.

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.
It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked
Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune;
Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay,
Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers
On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.
With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.
Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests,
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.

Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plume-like
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and dovecots.
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.
They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the Bayou of Plaquemine,
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.
Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,

Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.
Dreamlike and indistinct and strange were all things round them;
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness—
Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed.
As at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,
So at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart ere the stroke of doom has attained it.
But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight.
It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom.
Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her,
And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.
Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oarsmen,
And, as a signal-sound, if others like them peradventure
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his bugle.
Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast rang,
Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the forest.
Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music.

Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor and beneath the reverberant branches;
But not a voice replied; no answer came from the darkness;
And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.
Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed through the midnight,
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers.
And through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the desert,
Far off, indistinct, as of wave or wind in the forest,
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from those shades; and before them
Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,
And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,
Fragrantly and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,
Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.
Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.
Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,
Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the green sward,

Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.
Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grape-vine
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,
Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.
Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.
Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven
Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer and ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver.
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn.
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.
Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,
But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos,
So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the willows,
And undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the sleepers.

Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden.
Swiftly they glided away like the shade of a cloud on the prairie.
After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the distance,
As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden
Said with a sigh to the friendly priest—"O Father Felician!
Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.
Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?
Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit?"
Then, with a blush, she added—"Alas for my credulous fancy!
Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."
But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered—
"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me without meaning.
Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.
Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.
Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward,
On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.
There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,
There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.
Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees;
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens

Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

And with these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey.
Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;
Twinkling vapours arose; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.
Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.
Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.
Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling
Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her.
Then from a neighbouring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring to madness
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.

With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion,
Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through the green Opelousas,
And through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighbouring dwelling;
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

III.

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks, from whose branches
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide,
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.
Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns supported,
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda.
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine
Ran near the tops of trees; but the house itself was in shadow,
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.

In the rear of the house, from the garden gate ran a pathway
Through the green groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,
Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grape-vines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,
Sat a herdsman arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.
Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master.
Round about him were numberless herds of kine, that were grazing
Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapoury freshness
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape.
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the evening.
Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.
Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the prairie,
And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance.
Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of the garden

Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to meet him.
Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward
Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder;
When they beheld his face, they recognised Basil the Blacksmith.
Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.
There in an arbour of roses, with endless question and answer
Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces,
Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful.
Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts and misgivings
Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,
Broke the silence and said: "If you came by the Atchafalaya,
How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous?"
Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.
Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent—
"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his shoulder,
All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.
Then the good Basil said—and his voice grew blithe as he said it—
"Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed.
Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.
Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit
Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence,
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,

Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,
He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent him
Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards.
Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,
Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.
Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive lover;
He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against him.
Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning
We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,
Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler.
Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on Olympus,
Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.
Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.
"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian minstrel!"
As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and straightway
Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man
Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured,
Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,
Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters.
Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-devant blacksmith,

All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanour;
Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate,
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would take them;
Each one thought in his heart, that he too would go and do likewise.
Thus they ascended the steps, and crossing the airy veranda
Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil
Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.
All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape with silver,
Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but within doors,
Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering lamplight.
Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman
Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion.
Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco,
Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened:
"Welcome once more, my friends, who so long have been friendless and homeless,
Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old one!
Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers;
Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer.
Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil as a keel through the water.

All the year round the orange groves are in blossom; and grass grows
More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.
Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies;
Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber
With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses.
After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,
No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,
Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle."
Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils,
And his huge, brawny hand came thundering down on the table,
So that the guests all started; and Father Felician, astounded
Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to his nostrils.
But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer:—
"Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever!
For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a nutshell!"
Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps approaching
Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy veranda.
It was the neighbouring Creoles and small Acadian planters,
Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the Herdsman.
Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbours:

Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who before were as strangers,
Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.
But in the neighbouring hall a strain of music, proceeding
From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle,
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,
All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the maddening
Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music,
Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and the herdsman
Sat, conversing together of past and present and future;
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness
Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the garden.
Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river
Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the moonlight,
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.
Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden
Poured out their soul in odours, that were their prayers and confessions

Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-dews,
Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
As through the garden gate, beneath the brown shade of the oak-trees,
Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers,
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them "Upharsin."
And the soul of the maiden between the stars and the fire-flies
Wandered alone, and she cried—"O Gabriel, O my beloved!
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?
Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!
Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!
Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labour,
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers!
When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?"
Loud and sudden and near the note of a whip-poorwill sounded

Like a flute in the woods ; and anon, through the neighbouring thickets,
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.
"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness ;
And from the moonlit meadow a sigh responded, "To-morrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day ; and all the flowers of the garden
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses
With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.
"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold ;
"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine,
And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bridegroom was coming."
"Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil descended
Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were waiting.
Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine, and gladness,
Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before them,
Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.
Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded,
Found they trace of his course, in lake, or forest, or river ;
Nor after many days had they found him ; but vague and uncertain

Rumours alone were their guides through a wild and desolate country;
Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,
Weary and worn they alighted, and learned from the garrulous landlord,
That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions,
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

IV.

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains
Lift through perpetual snows their lofty and luminous summits.
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway,
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's waggon,
Westward the Oregon flows, and the Walleway and the Owyhee,
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river Mountains,
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska;
And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish sierras,
Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies,
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.

Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck;
Over them wander the wolves, and herds of riderless horses;
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel;
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,
Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible war-trails
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders;
Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers;
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brookside;
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains,
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind him.
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and Basil
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake him.
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of his camp-fire
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain; but at nightfall,
When they had reached the place, they found only embers and ashes.

And, though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies were weary,
Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently entered
Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose features
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her sorrow.
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people,
From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Comanches,
Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-Bois, had been murdered.
Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and friendliest welcome
Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted among them
On the buffalo meat and the venison cooked on the embers.
But when her meal was done, and Basil and his companions,
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and the bison,
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quivering fire-light
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped up in their blankets,
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent,
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and reverses,
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed.

Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's com-

Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her,
She in turn related her love and all its disasters.
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended
Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the Mowis—
Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden,
But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam,
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest.
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird incantation,
Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by a phantom,
That through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of the twilight,
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden,
Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest,
And never more returned, nor was seen again by her people.
Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the enchantress.
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendour
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling the woodland.

With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a secret
Subtle sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,
As the cold poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow.
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a moment
That, like the Indian maid, she too was pursuing a phantom.
And with this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed, and the Shawnee
Said, as they journeyed along,—"On the western slope of these mountains
Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission.
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus;
Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they hear him."
Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered—
"Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us!"
Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the mountains,
Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission.
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix

fastened

High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grape-vines,
Looked with its agonised face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches
Of its aërial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the branches.
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer approaching,
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions.
But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen
Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the sower,
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers and bade them
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant expression,
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,
And with words of kindness conducted them into his wigwam.
There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize-ear
Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher.
Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered:
"Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,
Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his journey."

Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of kindness;
But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter the snow-flakes
Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.
"Far to the North he has gone," continued the priest, "but in autumn,
When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission."
Then Evangeline said—and her voice was meek and submissive—
"Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted."
So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the morrow
Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions,
Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other,
Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that were springing
Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving above her,
Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming
Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by squirrels.
Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the cornfield.
Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover.
"Patience!" the priest would say; "have faith, and thy prayer will be answered!

Look at this delicate plant that lifts its head from the meadow,
See how its leaves all point to the north, as true as the magnet;
It is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has suspended
Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveller's journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odour is deadly.
Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter
Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews of nepenthe."

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter—yet Gabriel came not;
Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin and blue-bird
Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel came not.
But on the breath of the summer winds a rumour was wafted
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odour of blossom.
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw river.
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence,
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.
When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,
She had attained at length the depth of the Michigan forests,
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin.

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places

Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden;
Now in the tents of grace of the meek Moravian Missions,
Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.
Fair was she and young when in hope began the long journey;
Faded was she and old when in disappointment it ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

V.

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,
And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.
There old René Leblanc had died; and when he departed,
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.
Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city,

Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a stranger;
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers,
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavour,
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her footsteps.
As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,
Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the pathway
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance.
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and absence.
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.
Over him years had no power; he was not changed, but transfigured;
He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent;
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy, frequenting

Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.
Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the watchman repeated
Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market,
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,
Darkening the sun in their flight, with nought in their craws but an acorn.
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,
Spread to a brackish lake the silver stream of existence.
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor;
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger;
Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands:
Now the city surrounds it; but, still, with its gateway and wicket
Meek, in the midst of splendour, its humble walls seem to echo

Softly the words of the Lord: "The poor ye always have with you."
Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying
Looked up into her face, and thought indeed to behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendour,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brow of saints and apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,
Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odour of flowers in the garden;
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors cooled by the east wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church,
While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco.
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit;
Something within her said—"At length thy trials are ended;"
And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.

Noiselessly moved about the assiduous careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the road-side.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.
And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it for ever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night-time;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colourless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.
Long and thin and grey were the locks that shaded his temples;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,

As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, for ever sinking and sinking.
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood:
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless unsatisfied longing,

All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience;
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I thank Thee!"

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping,
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and for ever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labours,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey.

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighbouring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

NOTES

1. Oliver Wendell Holmes truly says that this line has become as familiar as the opening lines of the *Iliad* and the *Aeneid*.

hemlocks. Cf. *Hiawatha*, ii. 197, 'drooping boughs of hemlock.' What we call 'hemlock' is not meant here, but an American spruce-fir (*Abies Canadensis*), like our white pine in habit. In translating the German song 'O Tannenbaum,' Longfellow gives 'O hemlock tree.'

2. **moss.** Cp. l. 889.

3. **Druids.** Cf. on l. 890. The word was derived by the Romans from the Greek *δρύς*, an oak; but it is more likely from the cognate Celtic, *dru* or *derw*, 'an oak,' and the root *wit*, 'knowledge.' Others connect it with Irish *drui*, 'a magician,' A.S. *dry*.

8. A dactyllic line (see Introd., p. xix), such as Homer and Virgil use in like cases in order to imitate in rhythm the motion described.

15. **Grand-Pré**: lit. 'Great Mead.' Its present name is Lower Horton.

19. In the *Riverside Edition* (Houghton and Mifflin, Boston), Mr. Scudder states that in the earliest records Acadie is called 'Cadie,' and that this (as also the English form 'Quoddy') is probably an adaptation of a Micmac (Indian) word meaning 'place,' used often as an affix to other words (*e.g.* Passama-quoddy, 'the place of pollocks'). The English applied the word to the 'Quoddy Indians,' and 'Quoddy Head,' the northernmost cape of the U.S. near Nova Scotia. The name *Acadie* seems to have been given by the early French settlers (see Introd., p. xxxi) not only to the peninsula afterwards known as Nova Scotia, but to a considerable portion of the adjoining mainland (New Brunswick). But when by the treaty of Utrecht the province of 'Acadie' was

ceded to England the French refused to withdraw beyond the isthmus (where they planted the fort Beauséjour) on the pretext that the name applied only to the southern part of the peninsula.

20. **Minas** must here be pronounced as a dissyllable. The final *-as* or *-az* is frequently mute in French names (*e.g. Vernayaz*, etc., in Switzerland). The older form of the word seems to be *Mines*, and it is now generally called *Mines Bay*.

24. **Dikes**. . . . See Introd., p. xxxvii.

29. **Blomidon**. See map. 'A cape of red sandstone about 400 feet high' (Quinn). 'Sailors now corrupt the name into *Blow me down*' (Horsley).

33. See remarks on the houses of the Acadians, Introd., p. xlv. Longfellow altered 'chestnut' into 'hemlock' in a late edition.

34. Henri II., III., and IV. of France reigned almost continuously from 1547 to 1610. The Acadians came mostly from Normandy and Perche.

35. **dormer-window**: lit. the window of a sleeping-room (Lat. *dormire*, *dormitorium*, Fr. *dormir*) — used particularly of a window standing vertically on a sloping roof. The attics or garrets (the difference between which and the derivation of which are interesting) were much used as bedrooms.

38. **vane**, or **fane**, is the same as the German 'Fahne,' a flag (cognate with 'banner,' Lat. *pannus*, cloth).

39. **kirtle**: a softened and diminutive form of 'skirt.'

41. **gossiping** refers to the sound made by the shuttle and treadles as the woof is shot through the warp, and then pressed home. It has of course nothing to do (as one editor imagines) with the 'gossip of the weavers.' Cf. l. 212.

43. **parish priest**, *i.e.* Father Felician (l. 120). See Introd., p. xlv, and on l. 461.

45. **reverend**: 'venerable,' 'to be revered' (the Latin *reverendus*). Cf. 'Reverend and [illegible]' (Shaks.), 'an awful, reverend, and religious man' (Dryden).

48. **belfry** has no connexion with 'bell.' It is derived from O.G. *bervrit*, a 'defence,' through the O.Fr. *beffroi* and *belfroi*. Originally it meant a pent-house used in sieges (Lat. *testudo*, 'tortoise-shell'); hence a roofed watch-tower and a bell-tower.

49. **Angelus**: really a devotional exercise (so called, as 'Requiem,' from the first words 'Angelus Domini Mariæ) in memory of the Incarnation, recited at sunrise, noon, and sunset. Hence applied to the bell [illegible] that marks the time for these prayers. There is a well-known picture by Millet of two French peasants repeating the 'Angelus' at sunset. Cf. l. 508. The *curfew* (l. 354) would be about an hour after.

55. This is one of numerous reminiscences that we find in *Evangeline* of the German poets, with whose works Longfellow was familiar. In Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*, one of the Swiss peasants says:

'bald thät' es Noth,
Wir hätten Schloss und Riegel an den Thüren,'

i.e. 'if this kind of thing goes on it will soon be necessary to have locks and bolts on our doors.'

62. **stalworth** (another form of **stalwart**), lit. 'worthy of place' (A.S. *stael*, *stall*, Germ. *Stelle*), *i.e.* strong, sturdy, brave.

70. **home-brew'd ale.** Cf. l. 332, and Introd., p. xlv. This 'spruce-beer' is made from the small branches of the spruce-fir boiled with sugar and fermented with yeast. There are two kinds, brown and white, the first made with molasses and the other with white sugar.

72. **hyssop** is used here for any 'sprinkler.' The hyssop of the O.T. (*Ex.*, xii. 22, etc.) seems to have been a wall-plant, and perhaps the word was used, as 'verbena' by the Romans, for various herbs used for religious purposes. The hyssop of modern botany is a labiate herb (like rosemary, sage, etc.) often to be found in kitchen-gardens.

74. **chaplet** (Fr. *chapelet*, dim. of *chapeau*, hood, hat, cap): wreath, garland: hence of string of beads.

bead meant originally 'prayer' (A.S. *biddan*, Germ. *beten*, to pray). From the 'prayer-beads' on the rosary the word became used for any kind of 'bead.'

missal: the book containing the R.C. service of the Mass. ('Mass,' Germ. Messe, is from Lat. *Missa*, which is probably derived from the form of dismissal, 'Ite: missa est,' *i.e.* 'Go ye! it (the congregation) is dismissed.'

79-80. Lines justly celebrated for their beauty.

82 *seq.* Those who know Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell* will be here reminded of the description of Stauffacher's house and the linden-tree.

84. The true **Sycamore** is a large variety of the Maple (*Acer*). It has leaves much like those of the Plane-tree, and is therefore called *Acer pseudo-platanus*. The true Plane belongs to the catkin-bearing family. In England the Sycamore is often called the Plane, while in America the true Plane-tree (*platanus occidentalis*) goes by the name Sycamore. It is one of the trees that the Americans also call 'cotton-wood.' See on l. 756. **Woodbine** or **Woodbind** is used of the honeysuckle, and also of other climbing plants, such as Virginian creeper, and even Convolvulus. 'The woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle' (Shaks.).

94. **seraglio**: a sultan's harem: from the Persian *serai* (palace, or caravansary). 'O more than cities and serais to me' (Byron). The form (and meaning of) **serraglio** seems to have been somewhat influenced by the Ital. *serrare*, to shut, enclose.

96. A fine example of imaginative association. Possibly Longfellow remembered how in Schiller's *Lager* Wallenstein is said to have hated the crowing of cocks, and how this fact was cited as a proof that he, like Peter, had betrayed his Lord and Master.

97. This scene will remind some readers of certain passages in Goethe's *Hermann und Dorothea*, of which Longfellow was evidently thinking.

101. Cf. l. 899.

117. Editors cite Tubal-cain (*Gen.* iv. 23), Hephaistos, and Vulcanus. One might add Reigin, the master-smith in the Scandinavian legend of Sigurd (Siegfried).

122. **plain-song**: the ancient mode of chanting in unison, by some believed to have been used by the earliest Christians. Its range is confined generally to a few notes, at the most a single octave, and the notes are generally of the same length. 'Gregorian' chants are of this nature.

123 *seq.* This passage should be compared with Longfellow's well-known song, 'The village blacksmith.'

127. 'To fit an iron tire on a wooden wheel, the tire is heated, then slipped on to the wheel and immediately cooled with water; as it contracts, the whole is firmly bound together' (Gorse).

136. **sledges.** A Swiss Evangeline would have called such a 'sledge' a 'luge.' Our word 'toboggan' is a corruption of the N.A. Indian *odabagan*, a sled.

137. **that wondrous stone.** This curious notion seems to have existed among the Romans, but Longfellow evidently found it, as well as the other old Norman superstitions and sayings which he mentions (ll. 144, 280, etc.) in a quaint book by Frédéric Pluquet called *Contes populaires, Croyances superstitieuses, Proverbes, etc., de l'Arrondissement de Bayeux.* (Bayeux, known to many on account of the famous 'Bayeux tapestry,' is in Normandy, not far from Caen.) The 2nd edition of Pluquet's book, published at Rouen in 1834, from which I quote, can be obtained now and then at libraries. The following will be found on p. 42: '*Hirondelle.* Si l'on crève les yeux à l'un de ses petits, elle va chercher sur le bord de la mer une petite pierre avec laquelle elle lui rend la vue. Celui qui est assez heureux pour retrouver cette pierre dans le nid, possède un remède miraculeux.' It seems certain (see on l. 713) that Long-

fellow also used T. Wright's *Essays on popular superstitions, etc., of England in the Middle Ages* (1846), in which many of Pluquet's facts are repeated. But he knew both books. See further on ll. 144, 280.

144. This is derived from Pluquet, who gives :

'Si le soleil rit le jour Sainte-Eulalie
Il y aura pommes et cidre à folie.'

i.e. 'If the sun laughs on the day of St. Eulalie
There will be apples and cider to drive one crazy.'

As these lines are not given by Wright (see on l. 137) it is evident that Longfellow took some of his information direct from Pluquet. There were several saints of this name. The most famous was St. Eulalie of Merida (Spain), who when a child of 12 years publicly defied the false gods and their worshippers, and suffered martyrdom. Her praises were sung by the poet Prudentius, and the *Cantique d'Eulalie* is the most ancient poem in the *langue d'oïl*. But as her festival is on Dec. 10, the saint here meant is more probably St. Eulalie of Barcelona, who suffered during the Diocletian persecution (about 305 A.D.). Her festival is on Feb. 12.

148. The **Scorpion** is the eighth sign of the Zodiac, *i.e.* the eighth of the constellations which form the 'belt' along which the sun appears to perform his yearly circuit. (The apparent path of the sun within the zodiacal constellations is called the 'ecliptic'). The sun appears to enter the Scorpion about the 23rd of October. This apparent motion along the Zodiac is contrary to the apparent diurnal motion.

153. See *Genesis*, xxxii.

155. The honey-bee was first introduced into N. America by the white man. See my note to *Hiawatha*, xxi. 199.

159. **Summer of All-Saints.** 'All-Saints' (All-Hallows) is on Nov. 1st. Late summer is also called 'St. Martin's summer' (Nov. 11th), 'St. Luke's summer' (Oct. 18th), 'Halloween Summer,' 'Indian Summer,' 'Altweibersommer,' etc.

170. Xerxes on his expedition against Greece, two days before reaching Sardis, found near the city Kallatēbos, a plane-tree, 'which, on account of its beauty, he presented with a golden decoration, and entrusted to an immortal keeper, *i.e.* to a keeper chosen from one of his so-called 'Immortal Body-guard' (Herodotus, vii. 31). In another passage (vii. 27) he tells of 'a golden plane tree' given by an admirer to King Darius. According to the account given by Aelian it seems that Xerxes despoiled himself and his nobles, and covered the plane-tree with 'gold, gems, necklaces, scarfs, and bracelets, and infinite riches.'

177. This again is a reminiscence of a passage in Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*:

Ruodi. Wie schön der Kuh das Band zu Halse steht.
Kuoni. Das weiss sie auch . . .
Und nähm' ich's ihr, sie hörte auf zu fressen.

('How finely the ribbon round the cow's neck becomes her!' 'That she too knows . . . and if I took it off she would cease feeding.')

188. **fetlock**: the long tuft of hair growing behind the pastern joint: probably = 'foot-lock,' though other derivations have been proposed.

189. These are the 'saddles' of cart horses, to which the shafts are suspended. In France and Germany they, or more often the horse-collars, are often surmounted by wooden structures of considerable height, gaily adorned, and furnished with bells.

212. See on l. 41. The **wheel** here is the spinning-wheel which revolves a spindle that twists the fibres drawn from the distaff.

213 *seq.* Notice Longfellow's especially keen perception of all kinds of *sounds*. Cf. l. 72, 81, 96, 109, 113, 163 *seq.*, 193-8, 426 *seq.*, 465, 627 *seq.*, and especially 873 *seq.*

217. **clock clicked**: an example of what is called 'onomatopoeia,' *i.e.* imitation of sound by means of words. Notice also the 'alliteration'—as to Longfellow's use of which see my edition of *Hiawatha*, p. xx.

234. See on l. 280.

238. See map. Grand-Pré lay to the N.E. of the mouth of the stream which empties Lake Gaspereau.

240. **the morrow**: *i.e.* Friday, Sept. 5th, 1755. See Introd., p. xxxix.

249. See Introd., 'The Acadians.' [illegible] in Isle Royale (C. Breton I.), [illegible] Acadia had been ceded to England in 1713. It was taken by the English in 1745, but had to be restored in 1748 . . . **Port Royal** was the former name of Annapolis (named after Queen Anne in 1713), which was the capital of Acadia until Halifax was founded in 1749. See in l. 303.

252. **Arms have been taken** . . . See Introd., p. xxxviii.

261. This touch Longfellow borrowed from Abbé Raynal, whom Haliburton (see Introd., p. xliv.) quotes as follows: 'As soon as a young man arrived at the proper age, the community built him a house, broke up the land about it, and supplied him with all the necessaries of life for a twelvemonth. Then he received the partner whom he had chosen, and who brought him her portion in flocks.'

274. **great watch tick.** Cf. l. 217.

276. A petition was addressed to King George by the exiled Acadians of Pennsylvania, in which they cited instances of separation (see Introd., p. xlii.) and other hardships. The following passages (given by Haliburton) are those from which Longfellow derived his facts: 'René Leblanc, our public notary, was taken prisoner by the Indians when actually travelling in your Majesty's service, his house pillaged, and himself carried to the French fort, from whence he did not recover his liberty but with great difficulty after four years' captivity.' This was during the war of 1740-8 (see further on l. 303). The second passage describes René Leblanc's later misfortunes: 'He was seized, confined, and brought away among the rest of the people (Acadians), and his family, consisting of twenty children and about one hundred and fifty grandchildren, were scattered in different colonies, so that he was put ashore at New York with only his wife and two youngest children, in an infirm state of health, from whence he joined three more of his children at Philadelphia, where he died without any notice being taken of him.'

280 *seq.* **loup-garou** seems from the med. Latin *gerulphus*, a form of the Germ. *wehr-wolf* and English *were-wolf* or *werwolf*; possibly it means 'man-wolf,' the words *were* and *wehr* being cognate with Lat. *vir*. 'The *loup-garou*, *varou* or *warou*,' says Pluquet, 'which seems to be the *wehr-wolf* of the northern peoples, is a man changed into a wolf by the might of some magician. His transformation lasts three or seven years. He runs about principally at night, and one cannot free him except by wounding him with a key so as to cause blood to flow.' . . . 'On voit souvent en Angleterre,' he adds, 'pendant les jours de lune des hommes changés en loups.' The superstition seems to have existed even among the ancient Greeks, late writers of whom use the words λυκάνθρωπος ('man-wolf'), and λυκανθρωπία (a kind of madness in which a man believed himself to be a wolf). The following extract from Wright's *Essays* (see on l. 137) gives an almost literal translation of what Pluquet says on the other superstitions mentioned by Longfellow:

'The *Goubelin* or *Gobelin*' (Germ. *Kobold*; the same as the Irish *lepra-haun* and our "Lob," or "lubber fiend," as Milton calls him in the *Allegro*) 'is our well-known domestic spirit. He takes up his residence at a farm-house, where he leads out the horses to drink and feeds them, generally taking one or two under his more especial protection. He awakens the idle servants and amuses himself with overthrowing and displacing the furniture, accompanying his pranks with loud and continued bursts of laughter. The goubelin is almost always invisible, except when he chooses to play his pranks in the shape of a horse, when he places himself by the side of a road ready saddled and bridled. But woe to the person that may chance to mount him!—he

gallops away and [illegible] by leaving his rider in a bog or a horse-pond.' [Spirit that takes this form are known in the north of England as 'Brags,' and in the Shetland Isles as 'Nuggels' or 'Shoolpitties.']

'The *Létiche* is a white animal that appears by night, quite harmless, and supposed to be the spirit of an infant that has died before baptism.' ['Je pense,' says Pluquet, 'que ce n'est autre chose que l'hermine de nos climats, petit animal d'une agilité étonnante.']

'On Christmas night animals talk.' [This curious fancy still prevails among the peasants in parts of Germany, and is alluded to by various writers, *e.g.* by Lawrence Housman in his *All Hallows*.]

'The fever may be cured by carrying nine days on the breast a living spider shut up in a nut-shell.' [Pluquet also gives formulae by which fever may be exorcised. 'If, contrary to all expectation,' he adds, 'the fever resists these formulae, one should write them on new parchment and attach them to the patient's left wrist, and in 9 days he will be entirely healed.']

'To find a horse-shoe is very lucky. . . . A sprig of trefoil (clover) which has by chance four leaves instead of three possesses the power of rendering a person invisible. . . . In the north of England the possession of a sprig of four-leaved clover is believed to give the power of seeing fairies and spirits, and of detecting witchcraft.' [In Germany the four-leaved sprig of clover rivals the pig as a favourite watch-chain 'charm.']

303. **Port-Royal,** 'The oldest European settlement north of the Gulf of Mexico,' was founded by the French in 1604, and was the capital of Acadie. It naturally passed into the hands of the English when Acadie was ceded to England under the treaty of Utrecht in 1713 (when its name was changed to Annapolis), and although the French, who had spent immense sums in fortifying Louisbourg, sent an expedition from that stronghold during the war (*i.e.* in 1744) to capture the town, they failed to do so. It is therefore impossible that René Leblanc could have been imprisoned by the French (as a friend of the English) at Port Royal (Annapolis). Longfellow has here made a slip. The 'French fort' mentioned in the Acadian petition (see on l. 276) may have been Beauséjour, but could not have been at Port-Royal.

306. An old story of unknown origin. It forms the subject of one of Rossini's operas (*La gazza ladra*, 'the thievish magpie,' first performed at Milan in 1817), and other dramatic pieces.

332. **Nut-brown ale.** See on l. 20, and cf. Milton's 'spicy nut-brown ale' (*Allegro*).

333. An editor takes considerable trouble to prove that Longfellow should not have represented a 'notary' drawing up a

contract, seeing that a notary only has power to administer oaths, take depositions, etc. But René Leblanc was a French 'notaire,' which is not at all the same thing as an English 'notary.'

351-5. It might be worth while to try to explain to oneself why this conceit is unpleasing (as I think it is to most readers), while the following lines, in which Longfellow gives the same fancy reversed, as it were, are at least pleasing, although perhaps not of very striking force or beauty:

'Spake full well in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars that on earth's firmament do shine.'

358. **covered. . . .** The word **curfew** is the French *couvre-feu*, 'cover-fire.' The fires seem to have been lighted (it being summer) only an hour previously (l. 50).

365 *seq.* An evident reminiscence of a well-known passage in Schiller's *Glocke*:

'Und sammelt im reinlich geglätteten Schrein
Die schimmernde Wolle, den schneeichten Lein,' etc.

371. A very striking and beautiful simile. The ocean tides are due to the attraction of the moon.

381. See *Genesis*, xvi. and xxi.

388. **Came in their holiday dresses. . . .** They had been summoned to assemble on this day (Friday, Sept. 5th) at the church of Grand-Pré. See Introd., p. xxxviii.

408. See on l. 983.

413. In Longfellow's *Journal* (given in his *Life* by his brother) will be found under the date April 29, 1846, the following passage: 'Looked over the *Recueil de Cantiques à l'usage des Missions*, etc., Quebec, 1833—a curious book, in which the most ardent spiritual canticles are sung to common airs and dancing tunes: for instance, *La Mort du Juste sur l'air "on dit que vos parents sont autant de centaures."* . . . Other airs are *Le Carillon de Dunkerque, Charmante Gabrielle, Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres.*'

The first of these was a popular song sung to the air played by the Carillon (chimes) of Dunkerque (Dunkirk) church; the last was a political song written when Philip V. of Spain passed through the town of Mont-l'Héri, near Chartres, on his way to take possession of his crown. The curé of the place, at the head of his flock, met the king and said: 'Sire, long speeches are tiresome, so I shall content myself with giving you a song:

"Tous les bourgeois de Chartres et ceux de Mont-l'Héri
Mènent fort grande joie en vous voyant ici.
Petit-fils de Louis, que Dieu vous accompagne"' . . . etc.

414. **wooden shoes**: *i.e.* '

430. For Col. Winslow's speech see Introd., p. xxxix.

442. **solstice** (from Lat. *sol*, sun, and *stare*, stand): the season of year (midsummer and midwinter) at which the sun is at its greatest distance from the equator, and seems to stand still for a short period (about June 21st and December 22nd) rising and setting with scarcely perceptible variation in time or place.

461. See Introd., p. xlv. Dr. Parkman when speaking of the detestable conduct of most of the priests in pay of the French of Canada says that some are mentioned in official reports as unsatisfactory because they would not take part in these political intrigues and assassinations, and among others 'the curé at Grand-Pré, an elderly man, was blamed as too much inclined to confine himself to his spiritual functions.'

466. **tocsin**: from old French **toquesin**, 'touch-signal' (the Lat. *signum*, 'signal,' was used later for 'bell').

alarum: a curious form of **alarm**, Fr. *alarme*, from Ital. *all'arme*, 'to arms' (the Germ. *Lärm*, noise, seems to be from the same source).

484. **Ave Maria**: a Latin prayer recited (not sung) in Roman Catholic churches. It is named (as the 'Angelus,' 'Requiem,' etc.) from the first words, which mean 'Hail, Mary!' (*S. Luke*, i. 28).

485. **translated**: lit. 'carried across,' *i.e.* uplifted in rapture. **Rapture** and **ecstasy** (from Latin and Greek) contain a similar idea, *i.e.* that of being carried 'outside oneself,' 'beyond oneself.' The idea of the soul soaring upwards like a flame, seeking her native element in the Empyrean, is to be found in old poets and philosophers.

507. **The Prophet**: *i.e.* Moses (*Exod.* xxxiv.).

518. **whispering**: altered in a later edition to **disconsolate.**

520. The earlier editions have **neighboring thunder.**

522. **the tale.** See l. 306 *seq.*

524. To have related, or even intimated, the long tedious delay that ensued between the embarkation of some of the prisoners (on Sept. 10th, *i.e.* the fifth day after the arrest) and the departure of the vessels (in October and December) which has been described in Introd., p. xli, would have caused the action of the story to drag. Longfellow has for this reason diverged from the historical fact, and made the ships sail out of the harbour on the ebb-tide of the day (the 11th) following the embarkation. See l. 664.

533. **Gaspereau's mouth.** See on l. 238.

547. **Missions.** The French 'Missions' to the Indians exercised a powerful influence in N. America, both in regard to opening up and claiming new country, and also in fomenting religious and racial feuds. In 'New France' the political power was almost completely subordinate to the Church. The expression **a chant** of the **Catholic Missions** was evidently suggested by the *Recueil de Cantiques* mentioned on l. 413. The 'Sacred Heart' is the subject of many hymns, etc., and the name of certain churches.

559-60. These words and those of Father Felician (720 *seq.*) are usually selected by commentators as 'an epitome of the whole poem.'

570. See on l. 276 and Introd., p. xlii.

577. **kelp**: (origin unknown) a name for seaweed, especially the larger varieties, which used to be largely burnt to obtain carbonate of soda for the manufacture of glass and soap. Iodine is also obtained from kelp.

579. **a leaguer** (Germ. *Lager*, cf. 'beleaguer') is used sometimes by older writers to mean 'a siege,' 'investment,' and also a 'camp.' Thus 'I have it in charge to go to the camp, or leaguer, of our army' (W. Scott).

597. See *Acts*, xxviii., where **Melita** is perhaps Malta.

605. *Benedicite*: 'Bless ye': the first word of the canticle (known as the 'Benedicite' or the 'Song of the three children'), 'O, all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord.' It is not very suitable here. The ordinary form of blessing (*e.g.* in visiting the sick), begins 'Benedicat' *i.e.* 'The Lord bless you.'

615. **Titan-like . . .** The 'hundred-handed' giants (Cottus, Briareus, and Gyas) were not Titans, though both were sons of Uranus, who was deposed by Kronos and his brother Titans; but the Giants and Titans are often confused, even by classical writers. It was neither of these, but the Aloidae (two gigantic brothers, sons of Aloeus), who piled up the mountains in order to storm heaven.

621. **gleeds** or **gledes** (A.S. *glêd* or *gloed*; cf. Germ. *Glut*), glowing embers. The word is used by Chaucer. In another poem Longfellow speaks of the locomotive 'scattering smoke and gleeds.' Cf. 'Cheerilie blinks the ingle-gleed' (Burns).

622. See remarks on the hexameter, Introd., p. xix.

631. **prairie**: a common French word, meaning a grass field, applied by the early French explorers to the vast treeless expanses of North America. **Nebraska** is an Indian word, meaning 'Shallow Water.' The river is also called the 'Platte.' It is an affluent of the Missouri.

657. **The bell** is used to mark certain passages in the R. Catholic services. In reference to the use of book and bell in such ceremonies, the expression 'with book and bell' is sometimes used to mean 'in due form.' Some readers may recollect the lines in the *Ingoldsby Legends*:

'Come, give me a book, and give me a bell,
I'll send him . . . where good manners won't let me tell.'

660. The word **dirge** seems to be a contracted form of the Lat. 'dirige,' the first word of the prayer 'Dirige nos, Domine, Deus . . .' ('direct us, Lord God') used in the R. Catholic funeral service.

666. **Many a weary year . . .** Evangeline was taken direct from Grand-Pré to Philadelphia (see on l. 1258). Her wanderings during the first eight years, or so, of her exile are only vaguely intimated. It was about 1764 probably that we should suppose her to have descended the Ohio and Mississippi to Louisiana (see on l. 750). She finds Gabriel in the hospital at Philadelphia in 1793.

668. **household gods**: an expression founded on the use of the Latin *Penates* and *Lares*.

674. **savanna**: the Spanish name for a 'prairie' (perhaps *sabana*, a sheet; hence a wide plain. But more likely from some native word).

675. **Father of Waters**: the word 'Mississippi' means (in Algonquin, one of the chief Indian dialects) 'great water.' Cf. Mishe-Mokwa (Great Bear) and Mishe Nahma (Great Sturgeon) in *Hiawatha*, and see my note to *Hiawatha*, xiv. 52.

677. **Mammoth** seems to be the Russian word *mamant*, which is said to be from the Tartar *mamma*, the earth, and to have been applied to the mammoth because, its remains having been discovered buried in the earth, it was believed to have been a subterranean animal, like the mole! Mammoth remains have been discovered in the 'Salt Licks' of Kentucky, and the alluvial deposits of the Mississippi, Alabama, etc.

705. **Coureurs-des-Bois**: lit. 'runners of the woods,' *i.e.* hunters and trappers.

707. **Voyageur** means still in Canada what in trade we call a 'traveller,' and the Germans call 'ein Reisender,' but what in France nowadays is generally 'un commis'—a man who travels for merchants or mercantile companies to solicit orders, etc. In this case it means rather a man employed by the fur companies to transport goods from distant depôts. For 'Louisiana,' see on l. 750.

713. As Pluquet does not mention this expression Long-

fellow probably derived it from Wright (see on l. 137). 'There is another Norman saying,' he tells us, 'not mentioned by Pluquet, of a maid who does not marry: *Elle restera pour coiffer sainte Katherine* [*Sainte-Catherine*].' There are many legends connected with St. Catherine of Alexandria, pictures of whom, with her spiked wheel, are not uncommon in Italian art. She is said to have suffered martyrdom by torture on a wheel about 307 A.D. Some accounts state that she was of 'royal' descent. It is just possible that this so-called Christian martyr, St. Catherine, was really Hypatia, who was (as Kingsley tells us) torn to pieces by the Christian mob in Alexandria because she taught Platonic philosophy and opposed the Christian theologians. St. Catherine is the special protectress of young girls and unmarried women. In Denmark (perhaps also elsewhere) girl-babies are insured by their parents "against St. Catherine." If they become old maids they get an annuity.

741. **the Beautiful River**: *La Belle Rivière*, the Ohio. (The Indian word 'Ohio' is said to have this sense.) See Introd., p. xxvii. Several years are supposed to have passed since the First Part of the poem. Of the exiles who were sent to Pennsylvania about 400 had already found their way down the Ohio (which is formed by the confluence of the Alleghany and the Monongahela) to the Mississippi, and had founded a new *Acadie* in Louisiana. The Wabash now separates the states of Illinois and Indiana. It is an affluent of the Ohio. For his knowledge of the lower Mississippi Longfellow was indebted to Darby's *Geographical Description of the State of Louisiana* (1816).

750. The following account of Louisiana, derived mainly from King's *Handbook of the United States*, together with the sketch map which I have made from an old American atlas (of 1762) and from Rand & M'Nally's County Maps (Chicago and New York), will probably explain matters clearer to the reader than they would be explained by disconnected notes.

The first Europeans who reached what was afterwards known as Louisiana were the Spanish men-at-arms of De Soto's expedition, who, after their leader's death in 1542, descended the Mississippi to the ocean. It was nearly a century and a half later (1682) that the Chevalier La Salle (see Introd., p. xxvi) came down the Mississippi and took possession of the country in the name of France. (The name of Louisiana was given by La Salle in honour of Louis XIV. 'Le Grand Monarque.' The popular name is 'the Pelican State,' the State arms showing a pelican and her young. Cf. l. 759.)

Four years later he made an expedition with a fleet from France, in order to formally occupy the country; but he failed to find the mouth of the Mississippi, and landed in Texas, where he died.

In 1699 another expedition was sent from France under the commander Iberville, who explored Lake Pontchartrain, and the lower river, and founded a military colony some 70 miles from its mouth to prevent the English ascending. In 1718 New Orleans was founded with 68 inhabitants (by 1721 it had over 5000 and has now over 250,000), the only other settlement in Louisiana being at Natchitoches on the Red River (see l. 984).

The French of Louisiana were during 1720-59 constantly at war with the Indians, and suffered severely. The arrival of Evangeline in Louisiana seems to have taken place while the province still belonged to France, or about 1765,[1] when it was nominally a republic; for in 1764 France handed over the country to Spain, but the Spanish governor was expelled and a republic was proclaimed. In 1769 the Spaniards landed in force and the rebellion was suppressed. What was claimed as the province of Louisiana at this time was a territory extending northward to the sources of the Mississippi and westward to the Pacific Ocean; but after the War of Independence the United States claimed and occupied the east valley of the Mississippi down to the Red River, and further to the south the province was shut in by West Florida (which was English from 1763 to 1783). In 1801 Louisiana was ceded back to France, but the treaty was kept secret. Napoleon intended to send out an army of 25,000 men and to re-establish a 'New France,' but the supremacy of England at sea defeated his project, and, fearing that the English would seize it, he sold the province to the United States. 'The Spanish standard gave place to the French tricolour in 1803, amid splendid military ceremonies, and on December 18th the American troops entered New Orleans, and the stars and stripes fluttered over the Place d'Armes.'

'The population of Louisiana is singularly diversified as to language and race. Among the negroes in the southern parishes *gumbo*, or so-called Creole French, is largely used . . . Spanish has given way to French or English . . . In the south-western parishes—Lafourche, Terrebonne, St. Martin, St. Mary's, Iberia, Acadia, Lafayette, and St. Landry—dwell the descendants of the Acadians, who were banished from Nova Scotia in 1755. Like the French-Canadians they are a prolific race, and have increased from 7500 to 200,000, constituting a large majority of Louisiana's French-speaking population. A distinction is still drawn between them and the *Creoles* (see on l. 1009), the descendants of the original French settlers . . . The parishes of St. Charles, St. James, St. John the Baptist, and Ascension, formerly known as the *German Coast*, were settled by colonists from Alsace. Their descendants have become thoroughly

[1] This would give about 28 years from her journey to Louisiana until her meeting with Gabriel in the hospital at Philadelphia, which was in the year 1793. The action of the poem covers 38 years.

Creolized . . . In New Orleans only 18 per cent. are of English or American descent.' [Darby speaks of St. James as 'the parish of the Acadian coast.']

'The Louisiana lowlands cover 20,000 square miles of alluvial and swamp land, and the upland prairies and forests include 25,000 square miles. The average elevation is 75 feet, with hills of nearly 500 feet in the north. The Mississippi flows down the country on the top of a ridge, which it has formed by its deposits of drift . . . The alluvial districts cover about one-fourth of Louisiana . . . more than an eighth is included in the Coast Marsh, extending inland 30 miles, and sometimes overflowed by the sea. (See on l. 675.) . . . The delta of the Mississippi is largely a morass, a great part consisting in *marais tremblants*, or floating prairies.'

'The six Teche parishes[1] were truly called by Longfellow the *Eden of Louisiana* (l. 862). Here the Teche winds through the "Sugar-Bowl of Louisiana," and the wonderful prairies of Opelousas (l. 750) and Attakapas run inland for 100 miles.'

'The mysterious forests of the Lower Mississippi contain myriads of tall cypresses, with their silken foliage (l. 769), and palmettoes, with vivid green spears (l. 837). Here and there spread broad cane-brakes, and prairies dotted with live-oaks[2] and magnolias (l. 811), rich in fragrant white blossoms. Over the trees are draped garlands of grape-vines (l. 820) and ghostly streamers of gray Spanish moss (l. 889).'

'Nearing the Gulf after its long journey the Mississippi loses itself in a maze of creeks, bayous (l. 766), and swamps . . . The bayous are secondary outlets of the rivers, and some very sluggish rivers are also called by this name. They cover the alluvial region with an intricate network of channels valuable for navigation and draining.'

'The Mississippi receives the Ouachita (or Wachita, l. 816) and Red River, which are ascended by steamboats far up into Arkansas and Texas. The Atchafalaya is practically one of the mouths of the great river, running 217 miles from the Mississippi to the Gulf. . . . At high water the streams run much above the level of the land and are confined in their channels by dykes, or *levees*, from 5 to 20 feet high. In order to protect the lowlands 1150 miles of levees have been built along the Mississippi, Red, Black, Ouachita, Atchafalaya, and other streams. . . . The Bayous Terrebonne, Teche, Courtbleau, and others have hundreds of miles of navigable water. . . . The lakes on Red River were mainly caused by the great raft . . . an impassable tangle of logs and rubbish filling the river for 35 miles. It was removed between 1837 and 1873 at a vast expense. . . . Many

[1] Darby gives the names of these parishes or 'prairies' (p. 97).

[2] A species of oak (*Quercus virens*), native to the Southern States

narrow and winding lakes near the Mississippi and Red River (see on l. 807) are ancient parts of the streams cut off by the changes in the channels and silted up. . . . The figs and bananas of Plaquemines form a large crop. . . . The cultivation of rice is carried on principally in Plaquemines, St. Mary's, and other parishes. . . . The parish in which the great Southdown Sugar Plantation stands (Terrebonne) was settled over a century ago by Acadian refugees from Nova Scotia, and their descendants still inhabit these rich and beautiful lowlands. . . . Louisiana is a land of flowers, and the fragrance of orange blossoms, magnolias, and jessamine blend with the perfume of innumerable roses (l. 813). . . . The most notable animals are the panthers . . . bears. . . . and the great alligators of the bayous (l. 805) . . . eagles and hawks and the patron-bird of the state, the pelican, fly over the bayous (l. 759), and myriads of mocking birds . . . (l. 873).'

755. **chutes** (a French word): rapids.

756. **cotton-trees** are not cotton-plants, as most English readers and commentators seem to believe, but the 'cotton-wood,' a kind of poplar (*populus monilifera*), which is a native of N. America. The 'cotton' enveloping the seeds has been used in Germany and France for making cloth and paper, but the experiment was found unprofitable. In his *Journal* Longfellow mentions a panorama of the Mississippi (Introd., p. xv) representing 'sandbanks crested with cotton-wood, and bayous by moonlight.'

761. Mr. Quinn and other commentators take great trouble to give full information about Chinchona (Kina, Quinine, Peruvian Bark, also called 'China' in German); but this **china-tree** has nothing in the world to do with the Chinchona (or Cinchona). It is a tree with thick and luxuriant foliage much cultivated in hot countries for the sake of shade. It goes also by the name of 'Pride of India.' It belongs to the same (*sapindus*) family as our Maple. The 'wild China-tree,' perhaps here meant, called also the 'Soap-berry,' is a native of N. Mexico and the W. Indies.

764. **the Golden Coast**: a name given to the lowlands through which the great river sweeps eastward and southward between the affluence of Red River and the town Baton Rouge.

766. **Bayou** is probably the French *boyau*, gut, *i.e.* narrow channel: here apparently accented on last syllable. But the line is quite unscannable. See map. To reach Opelousas (which was formerly a very large district) the easiest route would have been by the Atchafalaya, which is practically a continuation of Red River, issuing from the Mississippi close to the affluence of that river. But the Upper Atchafalaya was, according to Darby,

blocked by a huge 'raft,' like a 'sud' on the Nile, of 10 miles, in the same way as the Red River (see on l. 750). It was therefore necessary to descend the Mississippi to Baton Rouge and Plaquemines. The Bayou of Plaquemines (Bayoue of *Piakemines, according to the old atlas of 1762*) seems scarcely to exist nowadays, to judge from modern maps, and the network of rivers has altered so much that it is not easy to follow Evangeline's route. The Plaquemine Bayou debouches apparently into the Grosse Tête, which finds its way to the Grand Lake (marked as L. Ouachas in old maps) by the Grand River; but one can evidently find waterway across the intricate system of lakes and bayous (probably considerably changed since 1765) to the north of the Grand Lake and reach the Têche by the Courtableau and Opelousas bayous. The bank of the Têche, somewhat north of St. Martinville, was the region where Evangeline found Basil.

769. **cypress . . . mosses.** See on l. 750.

782. The true 'Sensitive plant' (there are other plants called by this name) is one of the Mimosas (*mimosa pudica*), and is a native of tropical America.

809. **lotus.** By this is meant the great yellow American water-lily (the 'Wampapin lily' or *Nelumbium luteum*), which has leaves of two feet or more in diameter and a 'huge golden cup' poised on stems a yard high.

811 *seq.* **magnolia . . . roses . . . Wachita . . . grape-vine.** See on l. 750. **Magnolias** (so called from the botanist Magnol) are common in English gardens. The *Magnolia grandiflora* has very large white flowers, and the *Magnolia Yulan* (or *conspicua*), which blooms before the leaves expand, has rather smaller pink flowers. By **Wachita willows** Longfellow evidently means a kind of willow especially found on the River Wachita (Ouachita).

820. **the trumpet-flower:** an American climbing plant, with large reddish trumpet-shaped flowers (*Tecoma*). The name is also applied to the flower of the *Catalpa* tree, to *Bignonias*, etc.

830. **Northward.** Gabriel seems to be making for the Atchafalaya river, which he would perhaps ascend as far as the 'raft.'

837. **palmettos.** See on l. 750.

840. This passage, in which the earthly happiness of Evangeline and Gabriel so nearly finds, but misses, its fulfilment, shows great dramatic skill. It was doubtless the pathos of this mischance (if such we are to regard it) which led to the curious fact that, when a lady who had a ring engraved with the word 'Atchafalaya' showed it to the King of Belgium, he at once produced one of his own rings on which he had had the same word engraved.

855. **the town of St. Martin** is St. Martinville, chief town of the 'parish' (district) of St. Martin. There is no **St. Maur** on

the Têche. The parish of St. Mary (between the Grand Lake and the sea), which is often mentioned in connexion with St. Martin (see on l. 750), is possibly meant. Darby states that 'Attacapas formerly composed one parish by the name of St. Martin's; but is now divided into two, St. Martin's and St. Mary's.'

862. **Eden.** See on l. 750. But Longfellow did not invent the title. In the preface to Chateaubriand's *Atala* (1801, quoted by Mr. Quinn) we find: 'This river waters a [illegible] country, which the inhabitants of the United States [illegible], and to which the French have left the soft name of Louisiana.'

873. **the mocking bird** (*Mimus polyglottus*, of the Thrush family) is the song-bird *par excellence* of America. It has the most wonderful faculty of imitating almost every note and sound. See another version of this passage in Introd., p. xvi.

878. In *Hiawatha* (vi. 47) the song of the blue-bird is (less appropriately) described as 'full of frenzy.' **Bacchantes,** *i.e.* priestesses of Bacchus (Dionysus), the god of wine. At the Bacchic festivals they worked themselves up into a state of frenzy.

881-2. Compare the simile in l. 72-3.

883. See on l. 750. **Opelousas** is now a chief town of the 'parish' St. Landry, but was formerly the name of a large district. They seem to have entered the Têche by the Opelousas and Courtableau bayous, [illegible] very considerable detour to the north from [illegible], and the 'lakes of Atchafalaya.'

889. **Spanish moss:** 'Florida moss,' or 'Spanish beard' (*barba hispanica*), a name given to the horse-hair like fibres of a parasitical plant (*Tillandsia*, related to the Pine-apples) found in the North and Central American forests. It is much used for stuffing mattresses, etc., and is known in England as 'American moss,' or 'New Orleans moss.'

890. **Yule-Tide** probably means 'a time of revelry,' being connected with such words as O.E. *youlen*, our *howl*, and Lat. *ululare*, and with 'jolly.' For *Druids* see on l. 3. A Roman writer, Pliny, tells us that the Druid priests, robed in white, cut down the mistletoe, for which they had great veneration, with a golden knife.

897. **the bee.** See on l. 155.

899. Cf. l. 101.

912. The stirrups of the (often highly decorated) 'Spanish saddle,' used by Mexican and other herdsmen (cowboys), have a leather or wooden cover to protect the feet.

914. **sombrero**: a broad-brimmed felt hat (Span. *sombra* = shade).

952. **Adayes** was a small Spanish settlement on the borders of Louisiana and Texas, near the Sabine river. The **Ozark Mountains** 'run from the Missouri river southwest into Arkansas' (King). They lie mostly in S.W. of the State Missouri and N.W. Arkansas, and extend southwest into the Indian Territory.

960. **Michael.** See l. 408.

961. **Olympus**, a mountain in Thessaly, according to old Greek poets the home of the gods. Later the word was used vaguely to mean 'heaven.'

970. **ci-devant**: lit. 'before this,' *i.e.* former.

983. Cf. l. 408. This trick of words is common in burlesques and humorous writers, such as Dickens, whose 'Miss Bolo went home in a flood of tears and a sedan chair' is often quoted. One might have wished that Longfellow had resisted the temptation of using such expressions.

984. **Natchitoches**: the name of a town and a district on Red River. Longfellow evidently got his idea from a passage that Mr. Quinn quotes from Darby: 'The staples of Natchitoches are cotton, tobacco, pork, maize, etc.'

1006. **spider.** See note to l. 280.

1009. **Creoles.** See on l. 750. Originally the word (Span. *criollo*, of unknown origin) was used of not only Europeans, but also negroes born in the country—as distinguished from emigrants from Europe and the aborigines of America. But later it meant only 'white creoles'—corresponding to 'Afrikanders' in S. Africa In the U.S. it is especially applied to the French-speaking descendants of early French settlers.

1033. **Carthusian**: *i.e.* monk of La Chartreuse (the name of the region in Dauphiné where, about 1086, the first monastery of the order was founded by St. Bruno). Their rule imposed silence, except on rare occasions. The word 'Charterhouse' is a corruption of 'Chartreuse.' The English 'Chartreuse' was founded by Carthusian monks about 1600.

1041. **the thoughts of God.** The idea that the constellations are, as it were, the ciphered thoughts of God is to be found in Dante, from whom Longfellow doubtless derived it.

1044. **Upharsin.** See *Daniel*, v. The word means 'divisions.' Here of course the sense is that a comet was regarded as foreboding disaster.

1055. **Whippoorwill**, so called from its cry, is a small American Goatsucker (Night-jar). Another American Night-jar

is called 'Chuckwill's Widow.' The European Night-jars utter a curious vibrating sound, not at all 'like a flute.'

1074. **Adayes.** See on l. 952.

1082. The **Oregon,** or *Columbia,* and its great tributary the Snake River, and the Owyhee, an affluent of the Snake, flow through the States of Oregon and Washington from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific. The **Walleway** must be, I imagine, the stream that connects Lake Wallowa with the Snake River. 'Lake Wallowa,' says King's *Handbook,* '6000 ft. high on the Blue Mountains (the water-parting of the Columbia and Snake), is a beautiful lake of cold and crystalline water . . .' Mr. Quinn proposes Walla-Walla, which is a corn-bearing region in the S.E. of Washington State, and he speaks of a stream of the same name. But 'Wallowa' is much more likely to be what Longfellow meant by 'Walleway.'

1083. The **Sweetwater** *River,* the westernmost affluent of the Nebraska, or Platte (which debouches into the Missouri), rises in the Wind-river Mountains in the State of Wyoming. These are a range of the Rocky Mountains 'with austere snowy summits, culminating in Fremont's Peak, 13,576 feet high' (King's *Handbook*).

1085. **Fountaine-qui-bout:** 'fountain that boils'—the name of a hot spring in Colorado, not far from Denver city. **Spanish sierras** is a general name for the mountain ridges in the S.W., most of that part of N. America having formerly been in the possession of the Spaniards.

1088. The Nebraska, Arkansas River, Canadian River, Red River, Missouri, etc., streaming across the continent, he likens to the strings of a harp. The prairies are those of Nebraska, Kansas, Arkansas, Indian Territory, etc.

1091. The **Amorpha** (a Greek word meaning 'shapeless') is a pod-bearing American shrub with pendulous branches and long clusters of blue-violet flowers. It is sometimes called 'bastard indigo,' as the people of Carolina at one time extracted a coarse kind of indigo from its young shoots.

1095. **Ishmael's children,** *i.e.* wandering warlike tribes. See *Gen.,* xvi.

1102. **anchorite:** recluse, hermit. [*Hermit* = a dweller in the desert; *anchorite* = one who withdraws, retires.]

1114. **Fata Morgana,** lit. 'Fairy Morgana' (the Italian Queen of Fairies in old legends), to whom was attributed a kind of mirage often observed in the Straits of Messina, of the same nature as the phenomenon of the 'Flying Dutchman.' Hence the name is used to mean the optical delusion itself.

1119. **The Shawnees** were once a very numerous and powerful tribe in central N. America. The Camanches were perhaps the most dreaded of all the Indians, being exceedingly expert as horsemen. They lived in the country that is now N. Texas and Indian Territory.

1121. *Coureur-des-bois.* See on l. 705.

1140. The 'motive' of the story was that an Indian brave had been bewitched by a maiden and was wasting away under the charm when his 'Manito' (guardian spirit) advised him to make a man of snow and dress it up with finery. This snow-man (Mowis) the Manito inspired with life, and the maiden fell in love with it. The story is given in Schoolcraft's *Oneóta*, a book from which Longfellow derived much of the Indian lore that he later incorporated in *Hiawatha*.

1145. This story is given by Schoolcraft in his *Algic Researches*, another source which Longfellow drew upon for his *Hiawatha*.

1153. They would therefore be somewhere in what is now known as Kansas, or in the Indian Territory.

1166. **these mountains**: the Ozark mountains. See on l. 952.

1167. The **Black Robe chief**: as in *Hiawatha*, xxii. 59. It means, of course, a French Jesuit missionary, with his black cassock.

1182. **susurrus**: a Latin word meaning a rustling, murmuring sound.

1198. Perhaps nothing in Longfellow's poetry is more striking and admirable than the perfect appropriateness of many of his similes, which are often of great beauty. Some of them are, I think, scarcely inferior to the best in Dante.

1213. The following from Schoolcraft's *Oneóta* is quoted by Longfellow in his note to *Hiawatha*, xiii 209 *seq.* (which should be looked up, as it illustrates the present passage):

'If one of the young female huskers finds a *red* ear of corn, it is typical of a brave admirer, and is regarded as a fitting present to some young warrior. But, if the ear be *crooked* and tapering to a point, no matter what colour, the whole circle is set in a roar, and *wa-ge-min* is the word shouted aloud. It is the symbol of a thief in the corn-field. It is considered as the image of an old man stooping as he enters the lot. Had the chisel of the Praxiteles been employed to produce this image, it could not more vividly bring to the minds of the merry group the idea of a pilferer of their favourite *mondamin*. . . . The literal meaning of the term is a mass, or crooked ear, of grain; but the ear of corn so called is a conventional type of a little old man pilfering ears of corn in the corn-field. It is in this manner that a single word, or term, in these curious languages, becomes the fruitful

parent of many ideas. And we can thus perceive why it is that the word *wagemin* is alone competent to excite merriment in the husking circle.

'This term is taken as the basis of the cereal chorus, or corn-song, as sung by the northern Algonquin tribes. It is coupled with the phrase *Paimosaid*—a permutative form of the Indian substantive made from the verb *pim-o-sa*, to walk. Its literal meaning is *he who walks*, or *the walker*; but the ideas conveyed by it are "he who walks by night to pilfer corn." It offers, therefore, a kind of parallelism in expression to the preceding term.'

1219. **the compass-flower.** Longfellow drew somewhat on his imagination here, for the 'compass-plant' seems to be a robust perennial, growing sometimes 5 feet high. It has yellow flowers and divided leaves. The lower leaves are said not to *point*, but to present their surfaces to the north. Longfellow's attention was directed to these facts, and, after examining a compass-plant in some Botanical Garden, he made the following alterations: 'vigorous plant,' 'its leaves are turned,' 'finger of God has planted,' 'Here in the houseless wild.' The 'compass flower' here represents the faith of the human heart.

1226. How the compass-flower can crown us with asphodel is not easy to see; but the metaphor is plain. The **asphodels** of modern botany are flowers of the lily family, found mostly in South Europe. What the 'asphodel' was which, according to Homer, grew in the meadows of the nether world is not known. The word is used as a symbol of immortality. ['Daffodil' is probably from the French (fleur) d'asphodèle.] **Nepenthe**: an incorrect form (used also by Spenser) of the Greek word 'nepenthes' (a neuter adjective agreeing with the Greek word for 'drug') which means 'painless' or 'free from pain and sorrow.' The word occurs in Homer's *Odyssey* (iv. 22), where Helen pours a drug (perhaps Egyptian opium) into the wine of her husband, Menelaus, to make him forget the past. Milton uses the right form in his

> 'Not that nepenthes which the wife of Thone
> In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena.'

1228. The N. American **robin** is a much larger bird than our robin. It is a kind of thrush with a red breast. The **blue-bird** is about the size of a sparrow, of a lovely blue colour, and with a reddish breast (hence also called 'blue-robin'). It has (a friend tells me) a 'sweet wee song, which is regarded as the harbinger of spring.'

1233. The Saginaw flows through the State of Michigan into the bay of the same name in Lake Huron.

1241. The 'Moravians' or 'Bohemian Brethren'—a sect something like the Quakers—claim spiritual descent from the

disciples of John Huss (burnt at heretic at Constanz). After suffering much in the Thirty Years' War they were expelled from Bohemia about 1720, and settled in various parts of the world under the name of 'United Brethren.' They have always distinguished themselves as zealous missionaries. Their settlements went by the name 'Gnaden-hütten,' *i.e.* 'huts, or tents, of grace.'

1242. The War of Independence (1775-82) was at this time going on.

1253. In 1681 the English Government, in lieu of a debt of £16,000 which they owed to Admiral Penn, granted to his son and heir, the celebrated Quaker, William Penn, the district now known as Pennsylvania (Sylvania = land of forest; 'Penn' was added, it is said, at the wish of Charles II.). Here Penn instituted a kind of model state, where complete religious liberty was allowed and laws were passed against slavery. Philadelphia (which word means 'brotherly love') was founded by Penn in 1683. It has now a population of about 1¼ millions and over 700 churches and many magnificent public buildings.

1256. Such as 'Vine Street,' 'Chestnut Street,' 'Walnut Street,' 'Spruce Street,' etc. **Dryads**: 'wood nymphs' (from 'drus,' the Greek word for an 'oak': perhaps cognate with our 'tree.' Cf. *Druid.*)

1258. She had been landed there years ago (*i.e.* in 1755) with a band of the exiles from Grand-Pré. See on l. 666.

1259. René Leblanc. See l. 268 *seq.* and note to l. 276.

1296. 'The original elements of the population of Pennsylvania included Swedes and Dutch, English and Welsh Quakers, Germans, and N[illegible] The thrift and industry of the Germans still [illegible] evidence . . .' (King). One of the original quarters of Philadelphia had the name 'Germantown.' About 1750 a large number of German emigrants (about 12,000) arrived.

1298. **a pestilence**: *i.e.* the epidemic of Yellow Fever which broke out in Philadelphia in 1793.

1299. This was derived by Longfellow from old annals of Philadelphia, in which it is related that enormous flights of wild pigeons presaged the advent of the Yellow Fever.

1304. **Spread**: used here actively.

1309. Mr. Scudder, in his American school-edition, wrongly states that 'Philadelphians have identified the old Quaker Almshouse on Walnut Street' as the one meant by Longfellow. Longfellow has himself told us which Almshouse this was. 'I was,' he wrote, 'passing down Spruce Street one day towards my hotel, after a walk, when my attention was attracted to a large building with beautiful trees about it, inside of a

high enclosure. I walked along until I came to the great gate, and then stepped inside and looked carefully over the place. The charming picture of lawn, flower-beds, and shade which it presented, made an impression which has never left me; and when I came to write *Evangeline* I placed the final scene, the meeting between Evangeline and Gabriel, and the death, at the poor-house; and the burial in an old Catholic graveyard not far away, which I found by chance in another of my walks.' This Almshouse (which included a hospital) in Spruce Street was begun about 1760.

1326. **Christ Church**: one of the oldest Protestant Episcopal Churches of Philadelphia. The original (wooden) building dated from 1695. Benjamin Franklin is buried in Christ Church.

1328. The Swedish Protestant Episcopal Church of Gloria Dei in Wicaco, Philadelphia, was built in 1698. Wicaco is a suburb of Philadelphia, on the banks of the Delaware.

1355. See *Exodus*, xii.

1380. **she bowed her own.** Does this mean, as Mr. Quinn asserts, 'meekly she bowed her own head in death, her dying words being *Father, I thank thee*'? The words remind one of 'He bowed His head and gave up the ghost'; but surely Longfellow only meant 'meekly she bowed her head in resignation.' Longfellow's words (quoted by me on l. 1309) when he speaks of 'the meeting between Evangeline and Gabriel, *and the death*' may seem to point towards the first explanation, and I find that Nathaniel Hawthorne, in the account that he gives of the *original* story (in his *American Note Books*), says: 'The shock was so great that it killed her likewise'—whether on the spot or not, he does not explain. But it is very difficult to believe that Longfellow would have been guilty of adopting such a sensational termination to the poem as that assumed by Mr. Quinn. Still, I allow the possibility of death in a *few hours* from yellow fever, and I am ready to admit that the shock—or rather the consciousness of having lost that which had been the one object of her existence for so many years—may have caused her death within a very short space of time. (I have as yet found no one who, on being asked to read the passage once more, has without suggestion lighted on Mr. Quinn's interpretation.)

1397. The French (Acadians) of Nova Scotia know the story of Evangeline only from Longfellow's poem, French versions of which were made by the Chevalier de Chatelain in 1856 (publ. in London and New York), by Charles Brunel in 1864 (publ. in Paris), and by Léon Le May in 1865 (publ. in Quebec). Some of these Acadians, it is said, were so eager to read *Evangeline* in the original that they learnt English solely for this purpose.

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